

HYMNS
OF
CONSECRATION & FAITH
AND
SACRED SONGS
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR
MISSIONS PRAISE
PRAYER & MEETINGS

MORGAN AND
SCOTT,
12, Paternoster
Buildings
London, E.C.

SELECTED BY
R. PEARSALL
SMITH.

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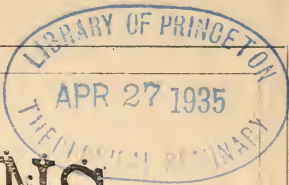
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HYMNS
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R. PERSELL SMITH.

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PART I.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

1

BRADBURY.

7s. *1st.*

I. { Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult - ing, hap - py
Round the al - tar night and day, Sing - ing one . . .

2nd. CHORUS.

throng, tri - um - phant song? They have clean robes, white robes,
Yes, . . clean robes, white robes,

1st. *2nd.*

White robes are wait - ing for me!
Wash'd in the blood of . . . the Lamb.

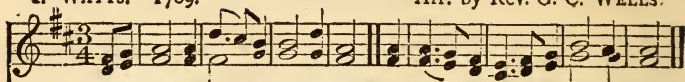
2. These through fiery troubles trod,
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name.
3. Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
4. Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

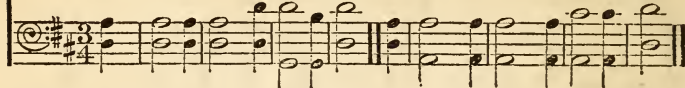
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I. WATTS. 1709.

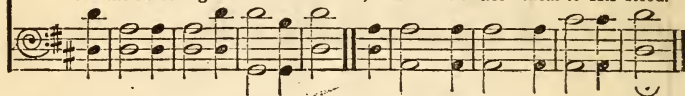
Arr. by Rev. G. C. WELLS.



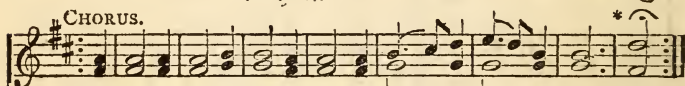
1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God ;



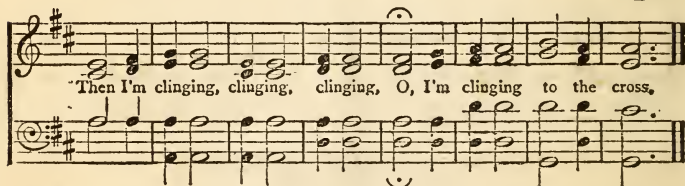
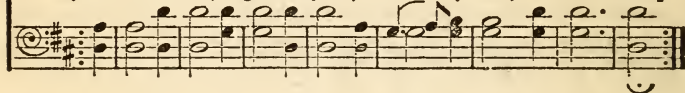
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride,
All the vain things that charm me most, I sa - cri - fice them to His blood.



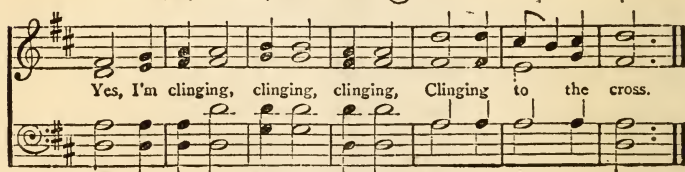
CHORUS.



{ The cross, the cross, the precious cross, The precious cross of Je - sus, }
{ From all our sin, its guilt and pow'r, And ev - ry stain, it frees us. }



Then I'm clinging, clinging, clinging, O, I'm clinging to the cross,



Yes, I'm clinging, clinging, clinging, Clinging to the cross.

* Pause in repetition only.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

Continued.

3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?—*Cho.*
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.—*Cho.*

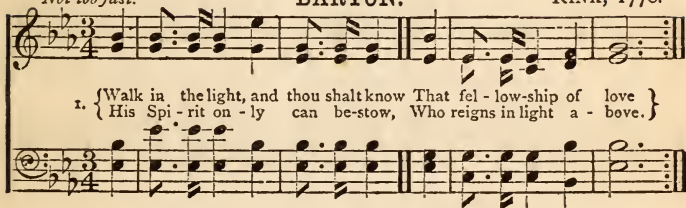
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C. M. Double.

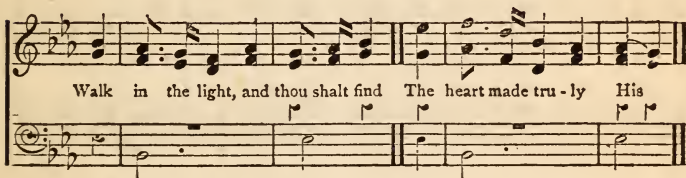
Not too fast.

BARTON.

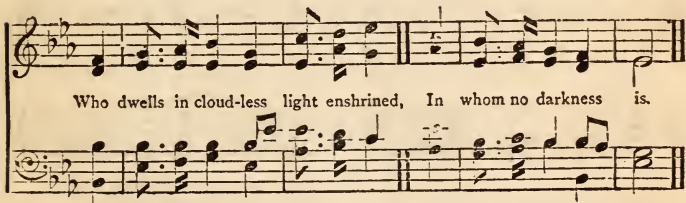
RINK, 1770.



1. { Walk in the light, and thou shalt know That fel - low-ship of love }
His Spi - rit on - ly can be-stow, Who reigns in light a - bove. }



Walk in the light, and thou shalt find The heart made tru - ly His



Who dwells in cloud-less light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.

2.

Walk in the light, and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.
Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away the gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

3.

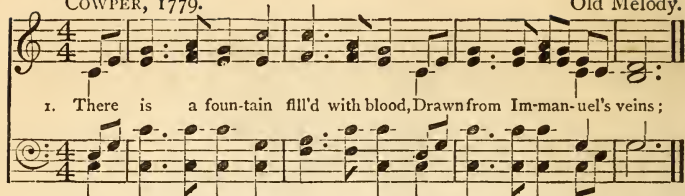
Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness past away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
Walk in the light, thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

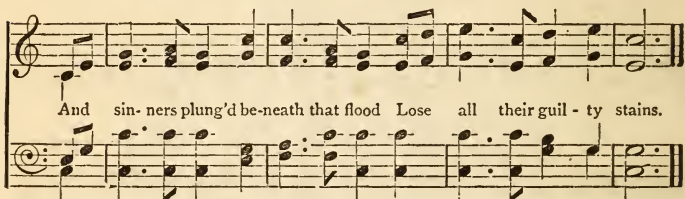
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COWPER, 1779.

Old Melody.

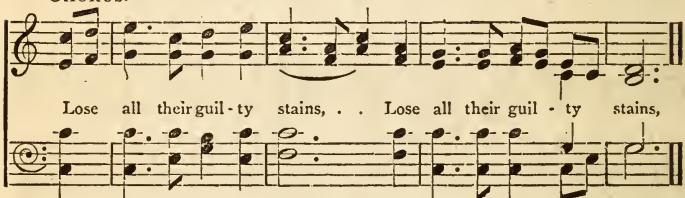


1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins ;

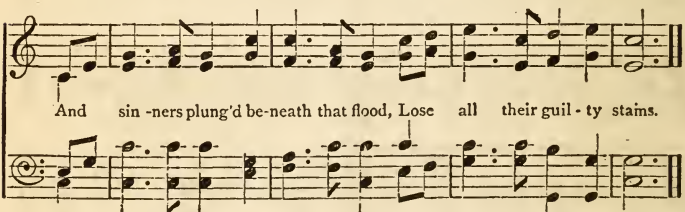


And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains.

CHORUS.



Lose all their guil - ty stains, . . Lose all their guil - ty stains,



And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
Wash all, &c.

3. Thou dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.
Are saved, &c.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
And shall, &c.

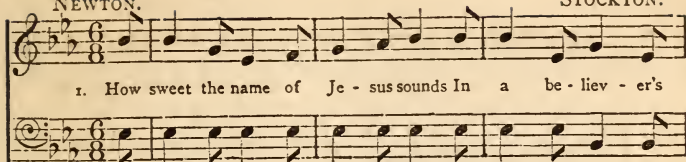
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
Lies silent, &c.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

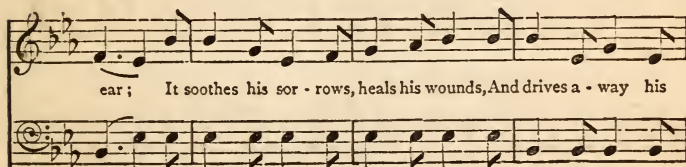
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NEWTON.

STOCKTON.

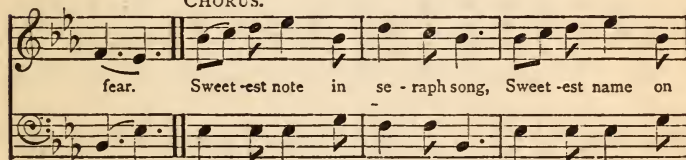


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's

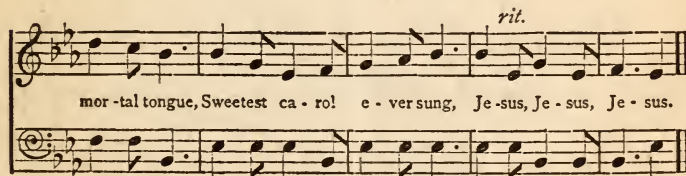


ear; It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his

CHORUS.



fear. Sweet - est note in se - raph song, Sweet - est name on



rit.
mor - tal tongue, Sweetest ca - ro! e - versung, Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus.

2.
It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3.
Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding - place;
My never-failing treasure filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4.
Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

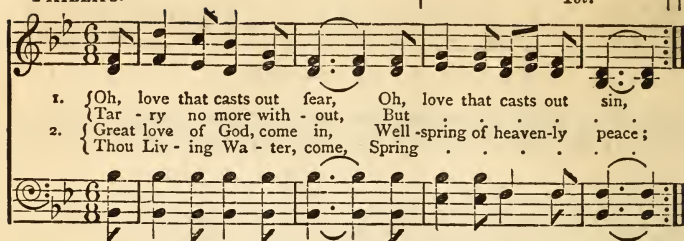
5.
I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

6

PHILLIPS.

1st.



1. { Oh, love that casts out fear, Oh, love that casts out sin,
 { Tar - ry no more with - out, But
 2. { Great love of God, come in, Well-spring of heaven-ly peace;
 { Thou Liv - ing Wa - ter, come, Spring

2nd.



come and dwell with - in. True sun - light of the soul, Sur -
 up, and ne - ver cease. Love of the liv - ing God, Of



round me as I go; So shall my way be safe, My
 Fa - ther and of Son, Love of the Ho - ly Ghost, Fill



feet no stray-ing know, My feet no stray - ing know.
 Thou each need - y one, Fill Thou each need - y one.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

7

MRS. M. STOCKTON.

FISCHER.

1. God lov'd the world of sin - ners lost And ru - in'd by the

fall; Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me; It

brought my Sa - viour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.</p> <p>3. Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.</p> | <p>4. Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.</p> <p>5. Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.</p> |
|--|--|

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

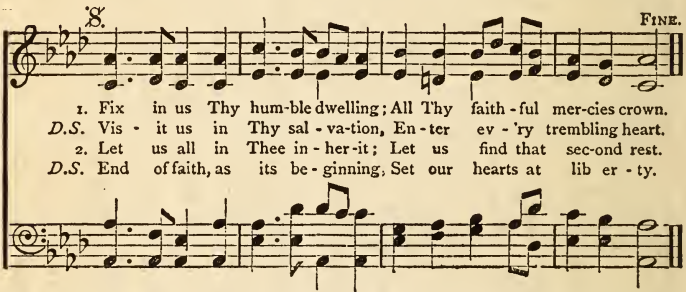
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LYTE, 1825.

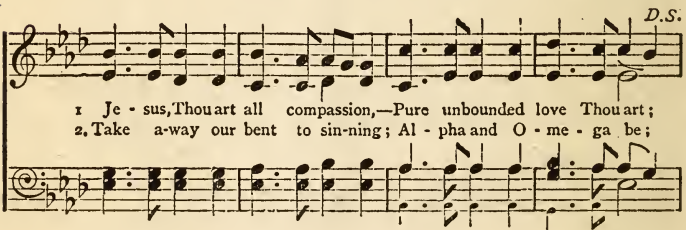
MOZART.



1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven to earth come down,
2. Breathe, oh breathe Thy lov-ing spi-rit In-to ev-'ry troubled breast;



1. Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
D.S. Vis-it us in Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
2. Let us all in Thee in-her-it; Let us find that sec-ond rest.
D.S. End of faith, as its be-ginning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.



1. Je-sus, Thou art all compassion,—Pure unbounded love Thou art;
2. Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;

3. Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

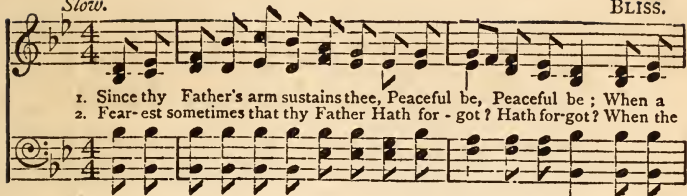
4. Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

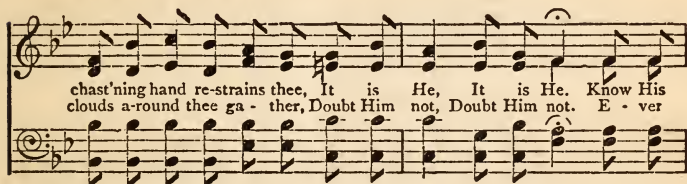
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Slow.

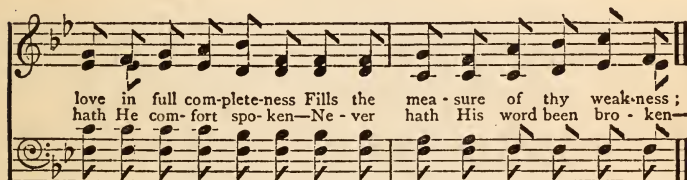
BLISS.



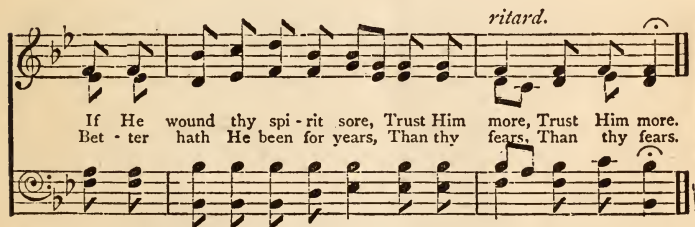
1. Since thy Father's arm sustains thee, Peaceful be, Peaceful be ; When a
2. Fear-est sometimes that thy Father Hath for - got ? Hath for-got ? When the



chast'ning hand re-strains thee, It is He, It is He. Know His
clouds a-round thee ga - ther, Doubt Him not, Doubt Him not. E - ver



love in full com-plete-ness Fills the mea - sure of thy weak-ness ;
hath He com-fort spo-ken—Ne - ver hath His word been bro - ken—



ritard.
If He wound thy spi - rit sore, Trust Him more, Trust Him more.
Bet - ter hath He been for years, Than thy fears, Than thy fears.

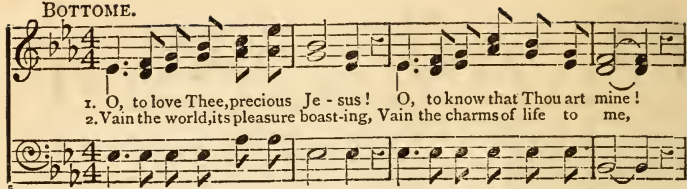
3. Without murmur, uncomplaining,
Follow on, follow on,
Saying, "Whatsoe'er God doeth
Is well done, is well done."
Bear to-day thy cross of sorrow,
Wear thy crown of life to-morrow,
Sing, while calmly holding still,
"Tis His will, 'tis His will.

4. To His own the Saviour giveth
Daily strength, daily strength ;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length, peace at length.
Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
Know His love for thee provideth :
Do not question, "Why?" or "How?"
Only bow, only bow.

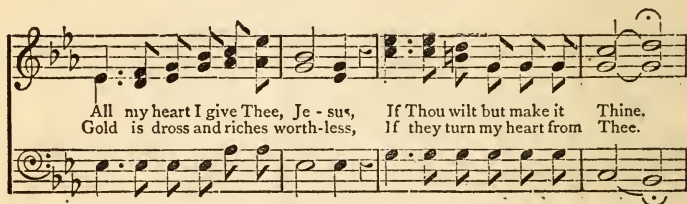
I.—INTRODUCTORY.

10

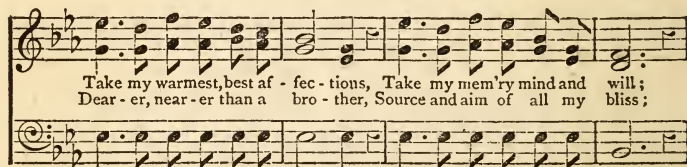
BOTTOM.



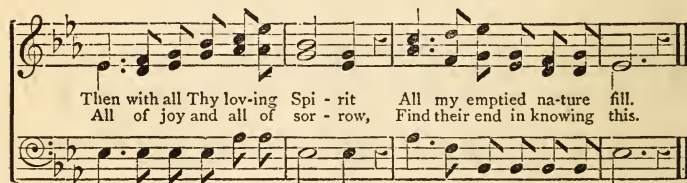
1. O, to love Thee, precious Je - sus! O, to know that Thou art mine!
2. Vain the world, its pleasure boast-ing, Vain the charms of life to me,



All my heart I give Thee, Je - sus, If Thou wilt but make it Thine.
Gold is dross and riches worth-less, If they turn my heart from Thee.

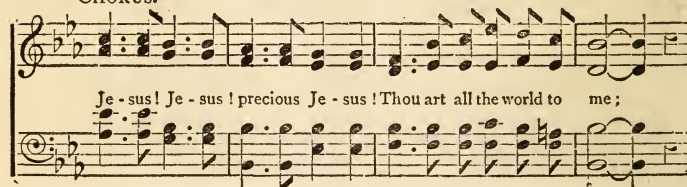


Take my warmest, best af - fec - tions, Take my mem'ry mind and will;
Dear - er, near - er than a bro - ther, Source and aim of all my bliss;



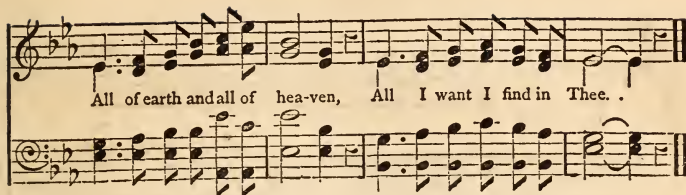
Then with all Thy lov-ing Spi - rit All my emptied na-ture fill.
All of joy and all of sor - row, Find their end in knowing this.

CHORUS.



Je - sus! Je - sus! precious Je - sus! Thou art all the world to me;

I.—INTRODUCTORY.



All of earth and all of hea-ven, All I want I find in Thee.

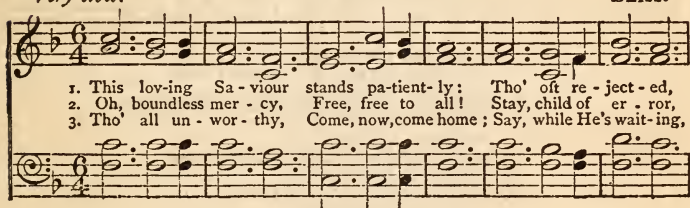
3. Bold I touch Thy sacred garment,
Fearless stretch my eager hand;
Virtue, like a healing fountain,
Freely flows at love's command.
Lo! He turns and looks upon me,
With those wonder-speaking eyes;
Vain my soul essays to answer,
I am lost in sweet surprise.—*Cho.*

4. O, how precious, dear Redeemer,
Is the love that fills my soul!
It is done! The word is spoken!
"Be thou every whit made whole!"
Lo! a new creation dawning;
Lo! I rise to life divine,
In my soul an Easter morning,
I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.—*Cho.*

11

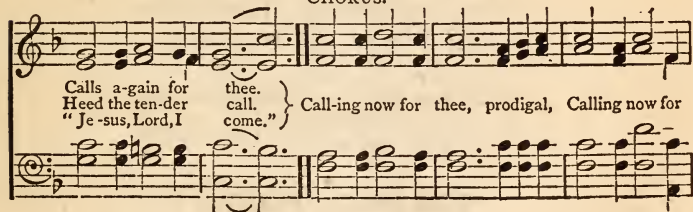
Very slow.

BLISS.

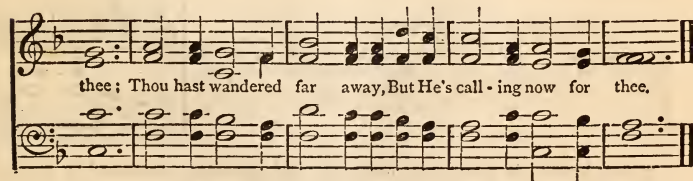


1. This lov-ing Sa-viour stands pa-tient-ly: Tho' oft re-ject-ed,
2. Oh, boundless mer-cy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of er-ror,
3. Tho' all un-wor-thy, Come, now, come home; Say, while He's wait-ing,

CHORUS.



Calls a-gain for thee.
Heed the ten-der call.
"Je-sus, Lord, I come.") Call-ing now for thee, prodigal, Calling now for

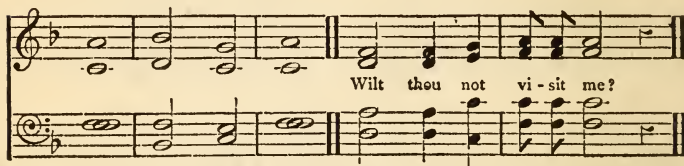


thee; Thou hast wandered far away, But He's call-ing now for thee.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

12

BRADBURY.

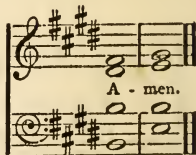


1. Wilt Thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels Thy | gentle | dew ;
Each blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quickening | moisture | drew.
Wilt Thou not visit me ?
2. Wilt Thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with | cheering | tone ;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice of | Thee a- | lone.
Wilt Thou not visit me ?
3. Wilt Thou not visit me ? I need Thy love
More than the flower the dew, or | grass the | rain ;
Come like Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to | live a- | gain.
Wilt Thou not visit me ?
4. Yes ! Thou wilt visit me :
Nor plant, nor tree, Thine eye de- | lights so | well,
As when from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in | peace to | dwell.
Yes, Thou wilt visit me.

13

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(PITCH E. *) Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.




* Let the words be deliberately, distinctly, and reverently pronounced by a single voice, or in unison, adding the Amen in harmony parts, as written.

PART II.

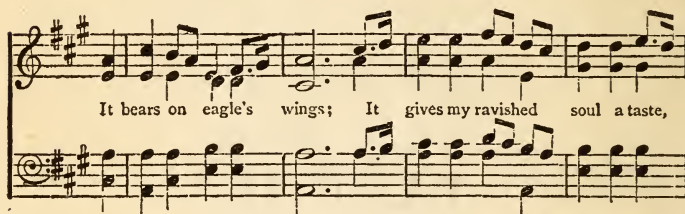
PART II.

II.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

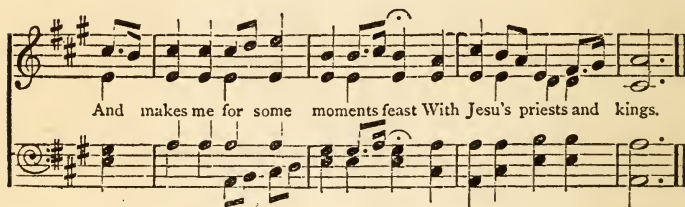
14



1. O glorious hope of perfect love! It lifts me up to things a - bove:



It bears on eagle's wings; It gives my ravished soul a taste,



And makes me for some moments feast With Jesu's priests and kings.

2.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3.

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

4.

Oh that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess:
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5.

Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out Thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove;
The purchase of Thy death divide;
And oh! with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love.

II.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

15

ZINZENDORF.

1. I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
 2. Take my poor heart, and let it be For-g-verclosed to all but Thee:

To dwell with-in Thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
 Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for - e - ver there.

3. How blest are they who still abide
 Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
 Who thence their life and strength derive,
 And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
4. What are our works but sin and death,
 Till Thou Thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
 Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move;
 O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

16

C. WESLEY.

L. M.

1. He wills that I should ho - ly be, And ho - li - ness I long to feel;
 2. See, Lord, the tra-vail of Thy soul, Ac-complish'd in this heart of mine:

That full di-vine con - for - mi - ty To all my Saviour's righteous will.
 O plunge it, make it through-ly whole, In depths of boundless love di - vine.

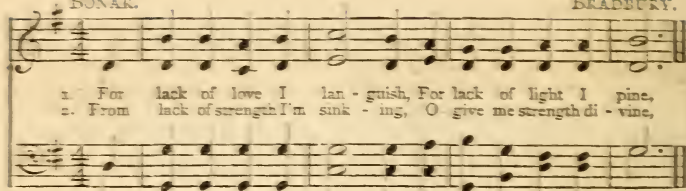
3. On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
 And waits to prove Thine utmost will;
 The promise of Thy mercy made,
 Thou canst, Thou wilt in me fulfil.
4. No more I stagger at Thy power,
 Or doubt Thy truth which cannot move;
 Hasten the long-expected hour,
 And bless me with Thy perfect love.

II.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

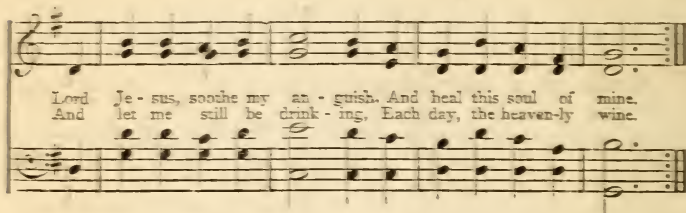
17

BONAR.

BRADBURY.

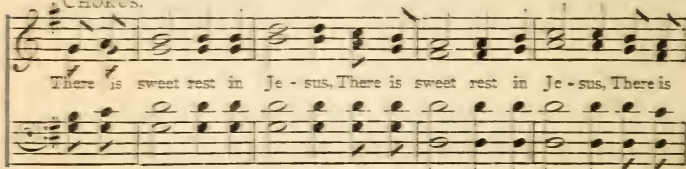


a. For lack of love I lan - guish, For lack of light I pine,
 a. From lack of strength I'm sink - ing, O give me strength di - vine,

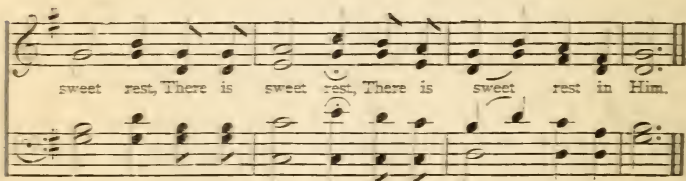


Lord Je - sus, soothe my an - guish. And heal this soul of mine.
 And let me still be drink - ing, Each day, the heavenly wine.

CHORUS.



There is sweet rest in Je - sus, There is sweet rest in Je - sus, There is



sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in Him.

3.
 From lack of faith I'm failing,
 Hand, heart, and head are low,
 Exulting and prevailing,
 Comes on my hellish foe.

4.
 For lack of joy I'm losing
 All heart to work for Thee;
 At every pore out-oozing,
 Life goeth fast from me.

5.
 How little have I known Thee,
 Still less have served and loved,
 Yet still I own, I own Thee,
 O keep my soul unmoved.

6.
 I bargain not for blessing,
 I leave that to Thy will;
 But keep me from transgressing,
 O keep me faithful still.

II.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

18

BOTTOM.

Old Melody.

1. Love of Je - sus, all di - vine, Fill this long - ing heart of mine ;

Cease - less struggling af - ter life, Wea - ry with the end - less strife.

Sa - viour, Je - sus, lend Thine aid, Lift Thou up my faint - ing head,

Lead me to my long - sought rest, Pillow'd on Thy lov - ing breast.

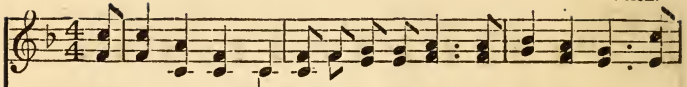
2. Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me ;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding - place ;
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour ;
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

3. Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know,
Thou who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy :
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

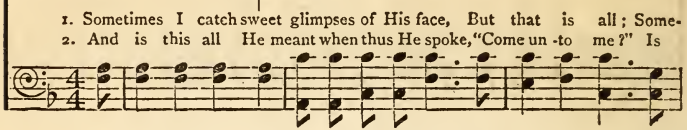
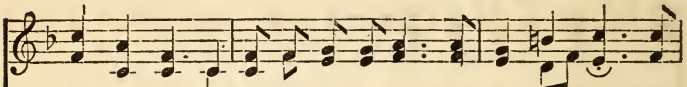
II.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

19

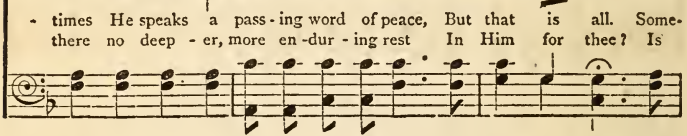
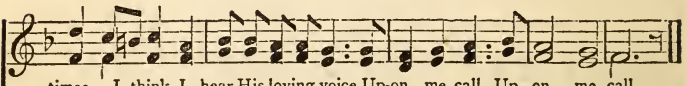
VAIL.



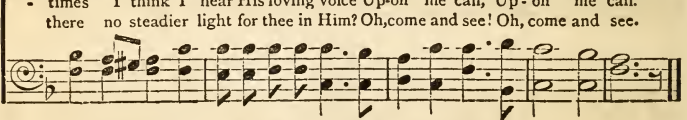
1. Sometimes I catch sweet glimpses of His face, But that is all; Some-
2. And is this all He meant when thus He spoke, "Come un-to me?" Is

- times He speaks a pass-ing word of peace, But that is all. Some-
there no deep-er, more en-dur-ing rest In Him for thee? Is

- times I think I hear His loving voice Up-on me call, Up-on me call.
there no steadier light for thee in Him? Oh, come and see! Oh, come and see.



3.

Oh, come and see! oh, look, and look again!
All shall be right;
Oh, taste His love, and see that it is good,
'Thou child of night!
Oh, trust thou, trust thou in His grace and power,
'Then all is bright,
'Then all is bright.

4.

Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,
But love His love;
Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
His mercy prove:
'Take Him for what He is: oh, take Him all,
And look above,
And look above!

II.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

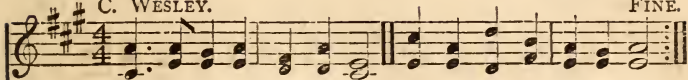
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8 lines, 7s.

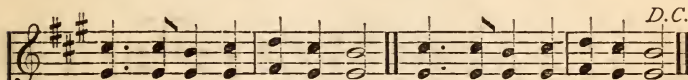
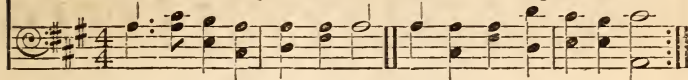
C. WESLEY.

Spanish Hymn.

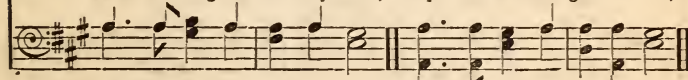
FINE.



1. { Prinee ofpeace, con- trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease : Hush my spi - rit in - to peace.
D.C. Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.



Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, Op - ened wide the gate to God ;



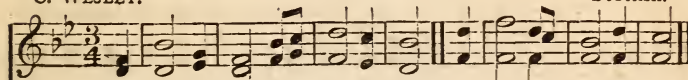
2. May Thy will, not mine, be done ;
May Thy will and mine be one ;
Chase these doubtings from my heart :
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

Saviour ! at Thy feet I fall !
Thou, my life, my God, my all !
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee !

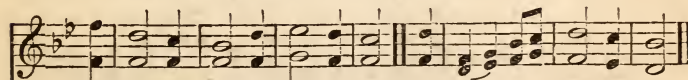
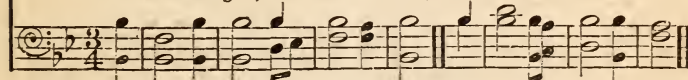
21

C. WESLEY.

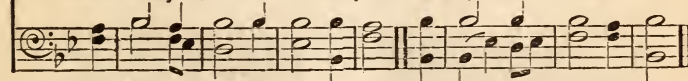
Scottish.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free :
2. A heart re-sign'd, sub - mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deemer's throne ;



A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me.
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak—Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.



3. O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within ;

4. A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

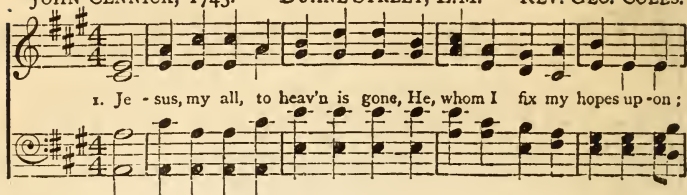
II.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

22

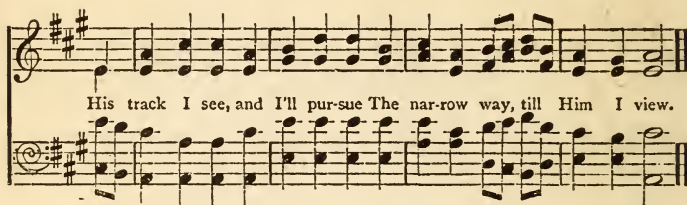
JOHN CENNICK, 1743.

DUANE STREET, L.M.

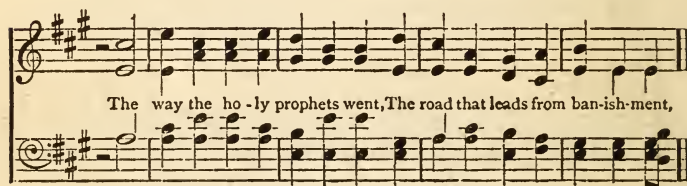
REV. GEO. COLES.



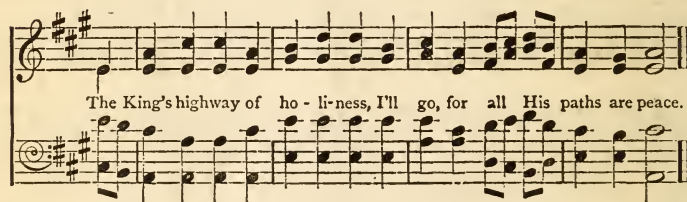
1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He, whom I fix my hopes up-on ;



His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way, till Him I view.



The way the ho-ly prophets went, The road that leads from ban-ish-ment,



The King's highway of ho-li-ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

2. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Till late, I heard my Saviour say,—
‘ Come hither, soul, I am the Way.”

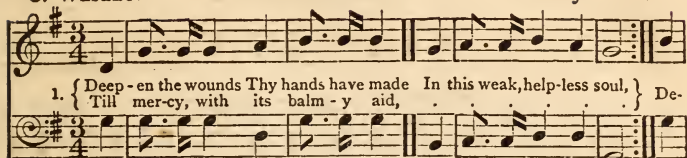
3. Lo ! glad I come ; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am :
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the Way to God.

II.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

23

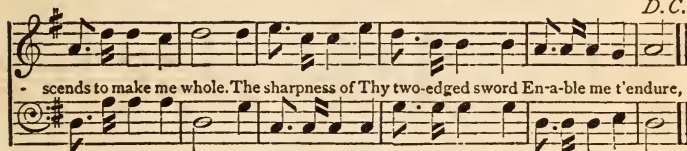
C. WESLEY.

WM. JOHNSON.



D.C. Till bold to say, my hal-low-ing Lord hath wrought a per-fect cure.

D.C.



2. I see the exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one;
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

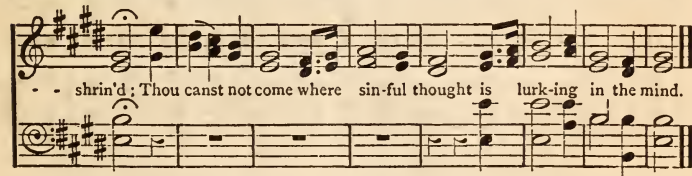
O that with all thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love.

24

BOTOME.

C. M.

WOODBURY.



2. And yet Thy searching light has shown
The blindness of my faith,
That sought to build Thy house upon
A sepulchre of death.

3. I thought my foolish heart sincere,
And, till Thy word made known,
Knew not what brood of evil there
Had nestled 'neath Thy throne.

4. Now swift to purge Thy temple, Lord,
My quickened conscience moves;
Proud Baal's priests I put to sword,
And burn down all his groves.

5. My fond affections cling no more
To other loves than Thine;
The shameful lusts that burned before
Are quenched in love divine.

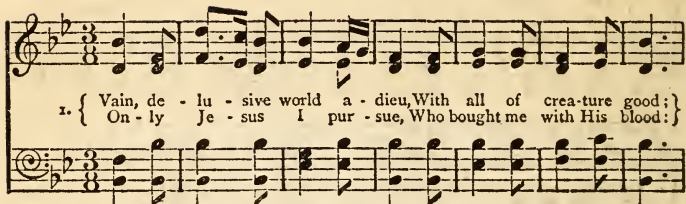
PART III.

III.—CONSECRATION.

25

C. WESLEY.

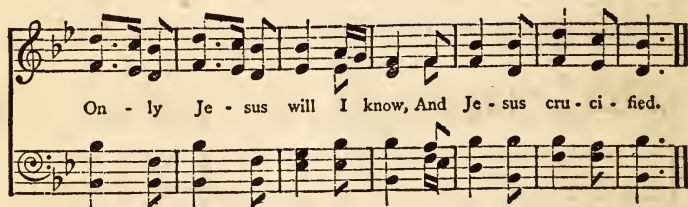
W. H. OAKLEY.



1. { Vain, de - lu - sive world a - dieu, With all of crea - ture good ; }
On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with His blood : }



All thy pleasures I fore-go ; I tram-ple on thy wealth and pride ;



On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

2.
Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity ;
Christ the Lamb of God was slain, —
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3.
Here will I set up my rest ;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of His breast
Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go ?
His wounds for me stand open wide ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

III.—CONSECRATION.

26

NICHOLSON.

SWENEY.

No-thing un-clean can en-ter in Where God in glo-ry

reigns ; His eyes, so pure, can-not en-dure The sight of spots and stains.

CHORUS.

Nothing un-clean, my gra-cious Lord, Nothing un-clean, no-thing un-clean.

2.
Nothing unclean must stand between
The Holy One and me ;
Saviour from sin, the work begin,
Wash me till Thou canst see—
Nothing unclean, &c.

3.
Nothing unclean can mortals screen
From the All-seeing eye ;
Spirit of God, apply the blood,
Until I hear Thee cry—
Nothing unclean, &c.

4.
Nothing unclean ; oh, glorious scene !
My heart, washed in the blood,
With rapture thrills, as now it feels
The mighty power of God,
Nothing unclean, &c.

III.—CONSECRATION.

27

BLISS.

1. There's sin in the camp, there is trea-son to-day! Is it in me,

Is it in me? There's cause in our ranks for de-feat and de-lay,

Is it, O Lord, in me? Something of self-ish-ness,

gar-ments or gold, Something of hindrance in young or in old,

Something why God doth His blessing withhold. Is it, O Lord, in me?

III.—CONSECRATION.

Is it in me, Is it in me? Is it, O Lord, in me?

2.

I come in my need to the life-giving Word,
Is it for me? is it for me?
By faith in its power let my soul be restored,
Is it, O Lord, for me?
Pardon and purity Jesus will give,
Life everlasting to all who believe,
Oh that His power I might fully receive,
Is it, O Lord, for me?
Is it for me? is it for me?
Is it, O Lord, for me?

3.

There's peace in believing, whatever betides,
Is it for me? Is it for me?
There's rest to the soul that in Jesus abides,
Is it, O Lord, for me?
Surely the work of redemption is done,
Surely the Father is pleased with the Son,
Surely the saved, and the Saviour are one,
Surely 'tis all for me,
All forme, all for me,
Surely 'tis all for me!

28

CAIRNS.

1. Lord, I am Thine, en - tire - ly Thine, Pur - chased and
2. Here, at that cross where flows the blood That bought my

sav'd by blood di - vine; With full con - sent Thine
guil - ty soul for God, Thee, my new Mas - ter

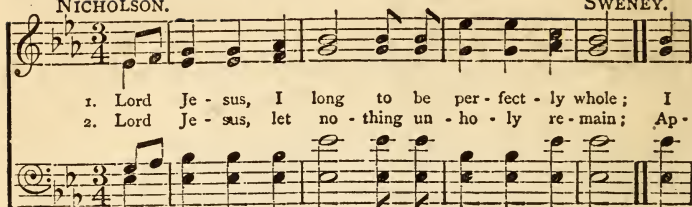
I would be, And own Thy sov' - reign right in me.
now I call, And con - se - crate to Thee my all.

III.—CONSECRATION.

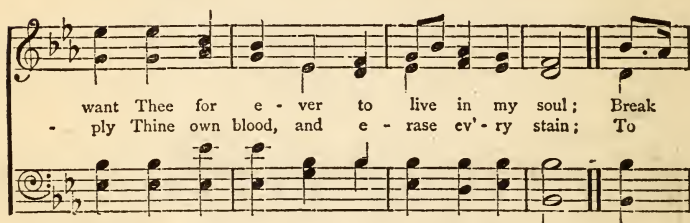
29

NICHOLSON.

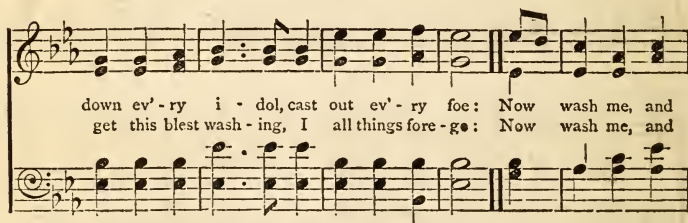
SWENEY.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole ; I
2. Lord Je - sus, let no - thing un - ho - ly re - main ; Ap -

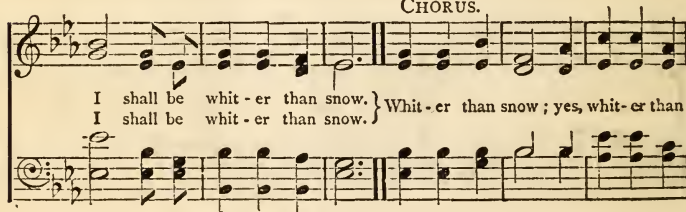


want Thee for e - ver to live in my soul ; Break
- ply Thine own blood, and e - rase ev' - ry stain ; To



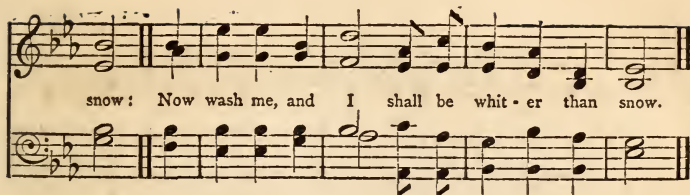
down ev' - ry i - dol, cast out ev' - ry foe : Now wash me, and
get this blest wash - ing, I all things fore - go : Now wash me, and

CHORUS.



I shall be whit - er than snow. } Whit - er than snow ; yes, whit - er than
I shall be whit - er than snow. }

III.—CONSECRATION.



snow: Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3.

Lord Jesus, come down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know:
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4.

Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst No:
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

5.

Lord Jesus, for this I now humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow:
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

30

LOWELL MASON.



1. And can I yet de-lay My lit-tle all to give?
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more:



To tear my soul from earth a-way For Je-sus to re-ceive?
I sink, by dy-ing love compell'd, And own Thee con-quer-or.

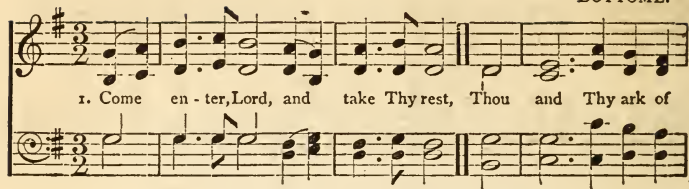
3. Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever Thine.

4. My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

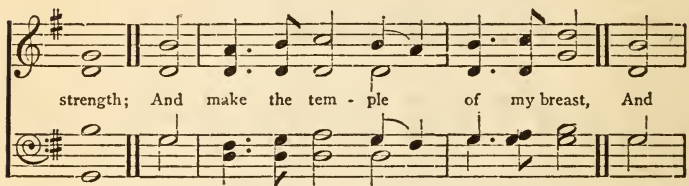
III.—CONSECRATION.

31

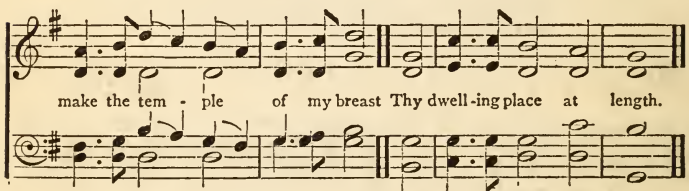
BOTTOME.



1. Come en - ter, Lord, and take Thy rest, Thou and Thy ark of



strength; And make the tem - ple of my breast, And



make the tem - ple of my breast Thy dwell - ing place at length.

2.
My life, my goods, myself I yield
A cheerful sacrifice;
No fond desire that lay concealed
But on Thine altar dies.

3.
I will be Thine, with all my powers,
My memory, mind, and will,
And all my consecrated hours,
Thy service to fulfil.

4.
I know how poor and worthless all,
How weak the hand I lift;
But where the sprinkled blood shall fall,
It sanctifies the gift.

5.
'Tis done !—but wilt Thou condescend
To make my heart Thy home?
Call me, a sinful worm, Thy friend?
Lord Jesus, quickly come!

32

HARTSOUGH,



1. In full and glad sur - ren - der, I give my - self to Thee.

III.—CONSECRATION.

G. FINE

Thine ut - ter - ly and on - ly, And e - ver - more to be.
D.S. And all I have, and all I am, Shall henceforth be Thine own.

D.S.

O son of God who lov'st me, I will be Thine a - lone,

33

BOTTOME.

1. Search me, O God! my ac - tions try, And let my life ap - pear ;
 2. Search all my sense, and know my heart, Who on - ly canst make known,

As seen by Thine all - search - ing eye, To mine my ways make clear.
 And let the deep, the hid - den part To me be ful - ly shown.

3.
 Throw light into the darkened cells
 Where inbred passion reigns ;
 Quicken my conscience till it feels
 The filth of sin's remains.

4.
 Search all my thoughts, the secret springs,
 The motives that control ;
 The chambers where polluted things
 Hold empire o'er the soul.

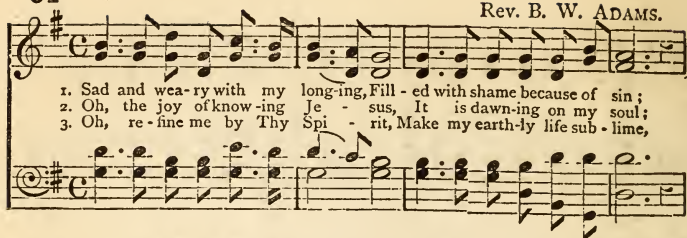
5.
 Search, till Thy fiery glance has cast
 Its holy light through all,
 And I by grace am brought at last
 Before Thy face to fall.

6.
 Thus prostrate I shall learn of Thee,
 What new I feebly prove,
 That God alone in Christ can be
 Unutterable love !

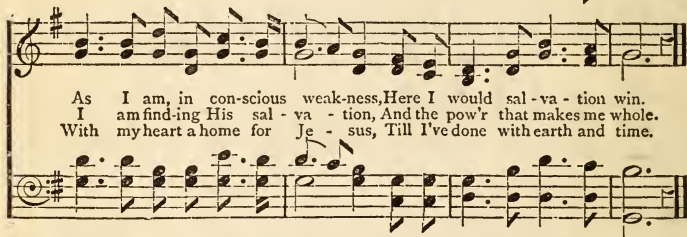
III.—CONSECRATION.

34

Rev. B. W. ADAMS.

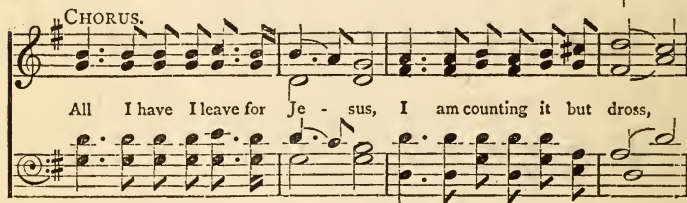


1. Sad and wea-ry with my long-ing, Fill - ed with shame because of sin ;
 2. Oh, the joy of know-ing Je - sus, It is dawn-ing on my soul ;
 3. Oh, re - fine me by Thy Spi - rit, Make my earth-ly life sub - lime,

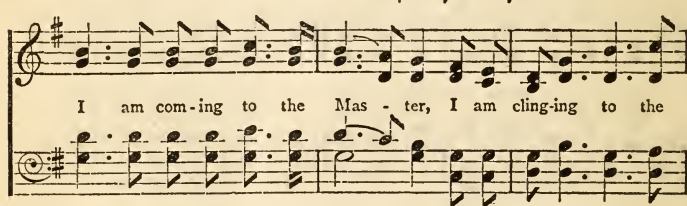


As I am, in con-sci-ous weak-ness, Here I would sal - va - tion win.
 I am find-ing His sal - va - tion, And the pow'r that makes me whole.
 With my heart a home for Je - sus, Till I've done with earth and time.

CHORUS.



All I have I leave for Je - sus, I am counting it but dross,



I am com-ing to the Mas - ter, I am cling-ing to the



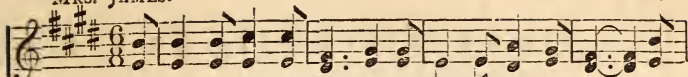
cross ; Cling-ing, cling-ing, cling-ing to the cross.

III.—CONSECRATION.

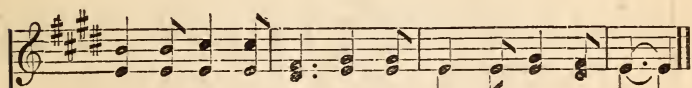
35

MRS. JAMES.

MRS. KNAPP.

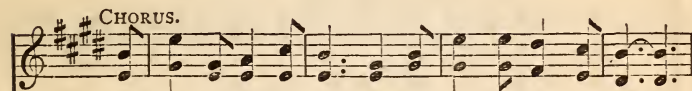


1. My spi - rit, soul, and bo - dy, Je - sus, I give to Thee, A
2. O Je - sus, migh - ty Sa - viour, I trust in Thy great name, I




con - se - cra - ted off - 'ring, Thine e - ver - more to be.
look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy pro - mise now I claim.

CHORUS.



My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

ritard.



Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

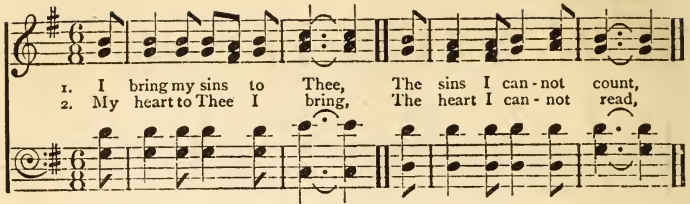
3.
O let the fire descending,
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.—*Cho.*

4.
I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed in Thy precious blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.—*Cho.*

III.—CONSECRATION.

36

BRADBURY.



1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count,
2. My heart to Thee I bring, The heart I can - not read,

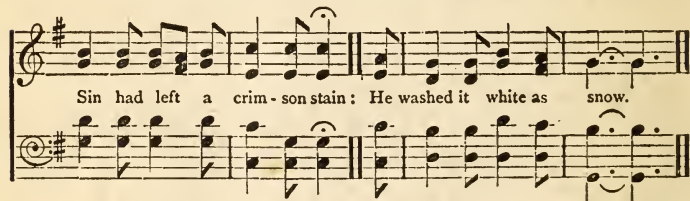


That all may cleans - ed be thing, In Thy once o - pened fount.
A faith-less wand'ring An e - vil heart in - deed.

CHORUS.



Je - sus paid it all; All to Him I owe;



Sin had left a crim - son stain : He washed it white as snow.

3. To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee ;
Thou wilt not only share,
But take it all for me.—*Cho.*

4. I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell ;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.—*Cho.*

5. My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.—*Cho.*

6. My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own ;
O Saviour let me be,
Thine ever, Thine alone !—*Cho.*

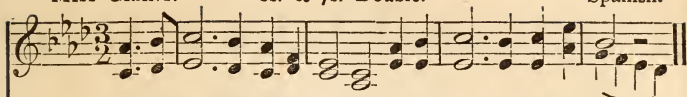
III.—CONSECRATION.

37

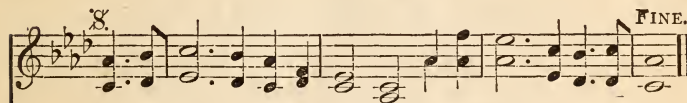
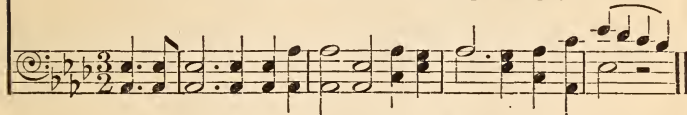
MISS GRANT.

8s. & 7s. Double.

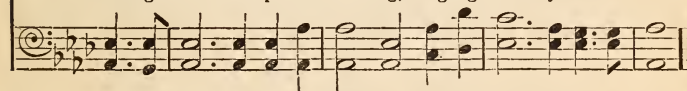
Spanish.



1. Je-sus, I my cross have ta-ken, All to leave, and fol-low Thee ;
2. Per-ish ev' - ry fond am - bi-tion, All I've sought, or hop'd, or known ;

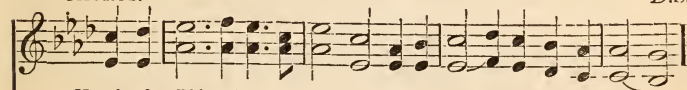


Nak - ed, poor, de-spis'd, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion ! God and Heav'n are still my own.
D.S. Wait-ing for the Spi-rit's seal - ing, Long-ing - on - ly Thine to be.

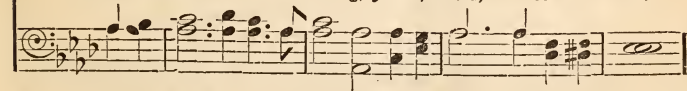


CHORUS.

D.S.



Here be-fore Thine al-tar kneel-ing, Je-sus, Lord, I look to Thee ;



3. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
Here before, &c.

4. And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Here before, &c.

5. Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Here before, &c.

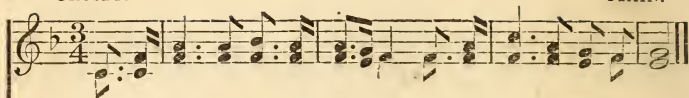
6. Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.
Here before, &c.

III.—CONSECRATION.

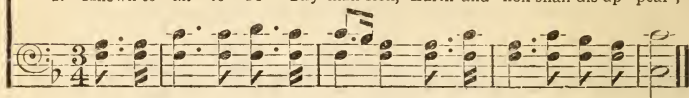
38

CROSBY.

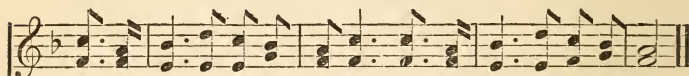
MAIN.



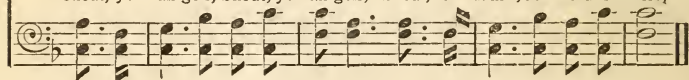
1. Welcome, welcome, O Re - deem-er, Wel - come to this heart of mine ;
2. Known to - all to be Thy man - sion, Earth and hell shall dis - ap - pear ;



Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, Ev' - ry pow'r and thought be Thine.
Or in vain at - tempt pos - ses - sion, When they find the Lord is there.



Thine en - tire - ly, Thine en - tire - ly, Through e - ter - nal a - ges Thine,
Shout, ye an - gels, Shout, ye an - gels, Shout, O saints, the Lord is here,



Thine en - tire - ly, Thine en - tire - ly, Through e - ter - nal a - ges Thine.
Shout, ye an - gels, Shout, ye an - gels, Shout, O saints, the Lord is here.



III.—CONSECRATION.

39

WOODBURY.

1. Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, My -

- self, my re - si - due of days, I con - se - crate to Thee.

Thy ran-somed ser-vant, I Re - store to Thee Thine own;

And, from this mo - ment, live or die To serve my God a -

- lone; God a - lone, God a - lone, To serve my God a - lone.

C 2

III.—CONSECRATION.

40

8s. 7s.

HARTSOUGH.

1. Je - sus calls me ; I am go - ing Where He o - pens up the way,

8.

FINE.

To the toil - ing of His vine-yard, Shrinking not a sin - gle day.
D.C. But I've cho - sen Christ my Sa - viour, I am go - ing, call me not.

D.C. to 8.

Friends may shun me, Toils a - wait me, Care and sor - row be my lot ;

2.

Jesus calls me ; I am going
To the life He wills for me ;
This poor world can't still the aching
Of my heart, or set it free.
Oh, what anxious bitter sorrow
Does the world give with its strife ;
But with Jesus—O what glory !
Ending in eternal life.
Friends may shun, &c.

3.

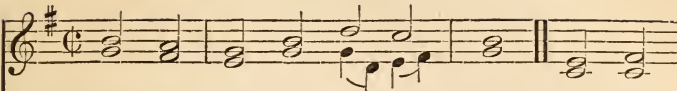
Jesus calls me ; I am going
To the washing of His blood—
Healing now, and purifying
All who test the crimson flood.
Flesh may cry, Not now, to-morrow !
Idols rise with wonted power ;
Jesus, help me, come and help me !
Jesus, take me hour by hour !
Friends may shun, &c.

4.

Jesus calls me ; I am going ;
Friends and neighbours, come with me ;
Hasten now and gain salvation,
For the fountain's full and free.
Prove the grace that Christ now offers ;
Know the worth of this new life :
Rise to all the bliss immortal
Far above this world of strife.
Friends may shun, &c.

III.—CONSECRATION.

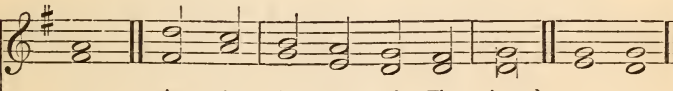
41



1. { Take my life and let it be Con - se -
Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them



- cra - ted, Lord, to Thee. Take my hands and let them
flow in cease - less praise. Take my feet and let them



move At the im - pulse of Thy love. } A - men.
be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee. }

2.

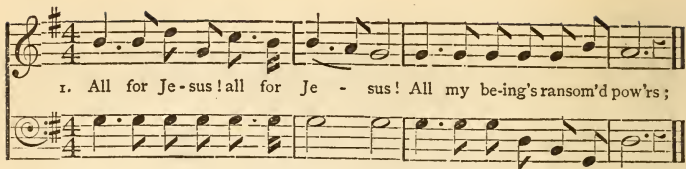
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King,
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

3.

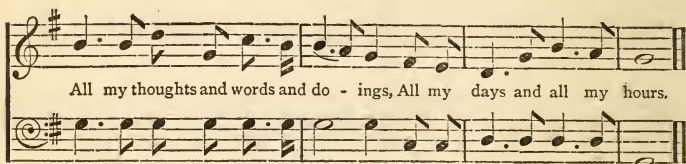
Take my will, and make it Thine :
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart ; it *is* Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store,
Take myself and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

III.—CONSECRATION.

42

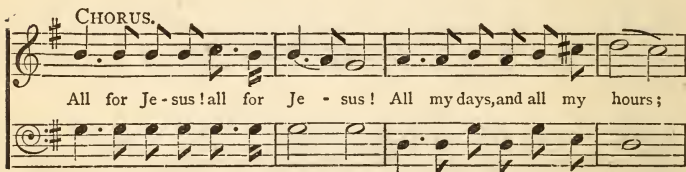


1. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my be-ing's ransom'd pow'rs;

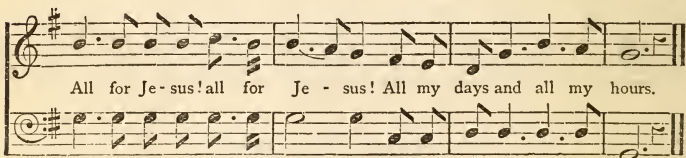


All my thoughts and words and do - ings, All my days and all my hours.

CHORUS.



All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days, and all my hours;



All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.

2.
Let my hands perform His bidding;
Let my feet run in His ways;
Let my eyes see Jesus only;
Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

3.
Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
Cling to gilded toys of dust,
Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure,
Only Jesus will I trust.
Only Jesus! only Jesus!
Only Jesus will I trust.

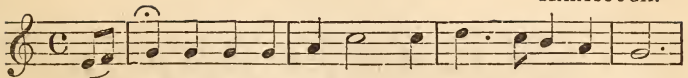
4.
Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,—
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
All for Jesus crucified.

5.
Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Let me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.

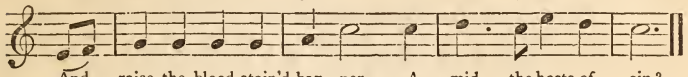
III.—CONSECRATION.

43

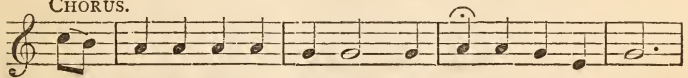
HARTSOUGH.



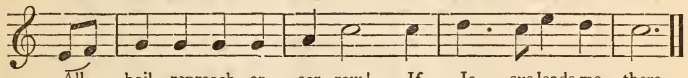
1. O who'll stand up for Je - sus, The low - ly Naz - a - rene ?



And raise the blood-stain'd ban - ner, A - mid the hosts of sin ?
CHORUS.



The cross for Christ I'll cher - ish, Its cru - ci - fix - ion bear ;

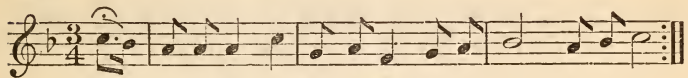


All hail, reproach or sor - row ! If Je - sus leads me there.

2. O who will follow Jesus,
Amid reproach and shame?
Where others shrink or falter,
Who'll glory in His name?
The cross for Christ, &c.
3. Though fierce may rage the battle,
And wild the storm may blow,
Though friends may go forever,
Who will with Jesus go?
The cross for Christ, &c.

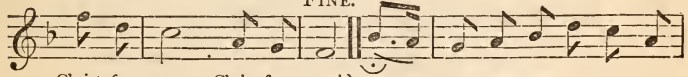
4. My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time, and voice,
Myself, my reputation,
The lone way is my choice.
The cross for Christ, &c.
5. O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient Friend !
Come, fold me to Thy bosom,
E'en to the journey's end,
The cross for Christ, &c.

44



1. { My heart is fix'd, E - ter - nal God, Fix'd on Thee, Fix'd on Thee !
{ And my im - mor - tal choice is made,
D.C. And while I breathe I mean to sing,

FINE.



Christ for me, Christ for me ! } He is my Prophet, Priest, and
Christ for me, Christ for me ! }
D.C.



King ; Who did for me sal - va - tion bring ;

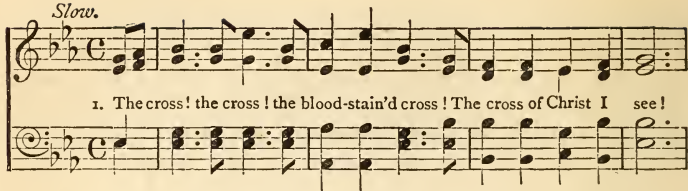
2. Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me, Christ for me !
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me, Christ for me !
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honour perish in a day ;
My portion never can decay :
Christ for me, Christ for me !

3. In pining sickness or in health,
Christ for me, Christ for me !
In deepest poverty or wealth,
Christ for me, Christ for me !
And in that all-important day,
When I the summons must obey,
And pass from this dark world away :
Christ for me, Christ for me !

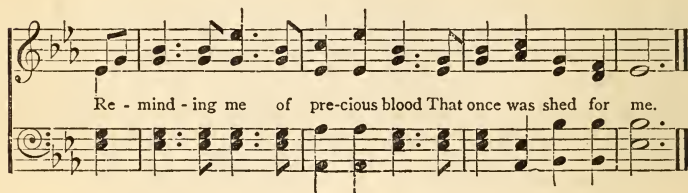
III.—CONSECRATION.

45

Slow.

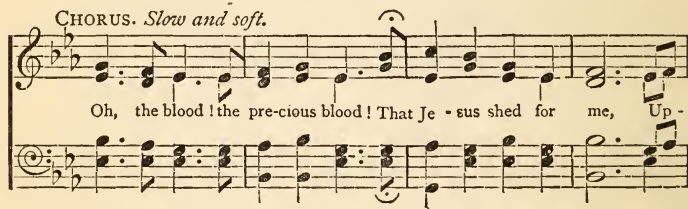


1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The cross of Christ I see!



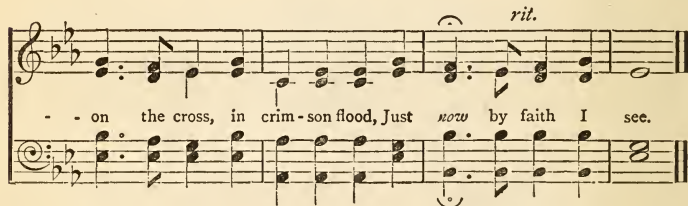
Re - mind - ing me of pre-cious blood That once was shed for me.

CHORUS. *Slow and soft.*



Oh, the blood! the pre-cious blood! That Je - sus shed for me, Up -

rit.



- - on the cross, in crim-son flood, Just *now* by faith I see.

2.

That cross! that cross! that heavy cross
My Saviour bore for me,
Which bowed Him to the earth with grief,
On sad Mount Calvary.

3.

How light! how light! this precious cross,
Presented to my view;
And while, with care, I take it up,
Behold the crown my due.

4.

The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!
The crown of victory!
The crown of life! it shall be mine,
When I shall Jesus see.

5.

My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
For love, unbounded love,
Which guides me through this world of woe,
And points to joys above.

PART IV.

IV.—FAITH.

46

E. JOHNSON.

W. JOHNSON.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal ;

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

And sorrows sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul !

The second system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The vocal line continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

CHORUS.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I ;
To Je-sus the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I.

The chorus section of the song, featuring a more complex piano accompaniment with sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef.

2.

Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet !
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet !—*Cho.*

3.

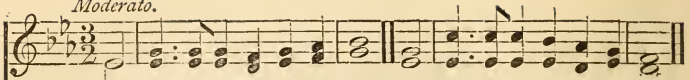
Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
Or sunshine or shadows prevail,
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.—*Cho.*

IV.—FAITH.

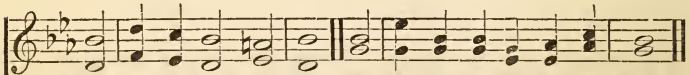
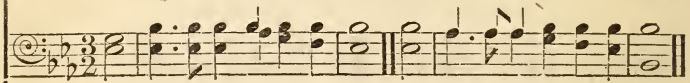
47

MASON.

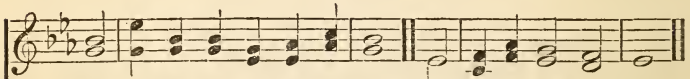
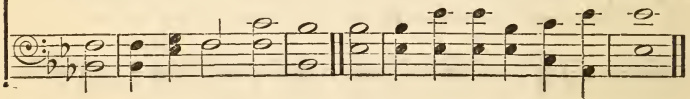
Moderato.



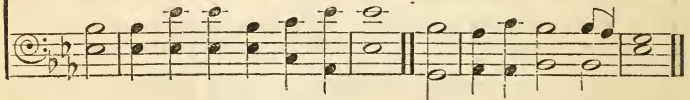
1. In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust, Migh-ty, and mer-ci - ful, and just ;
2. I rest in Thine Almigh-ty pow'r ; The name of Je-sus is a tow'r



Thy sa - cred word is past ; And I, who dare Thy word re - ceive,
That hides my life a - bove ; Thou canst, Thou wilt my Help er be ;



With - out com - mit - ting sin shall live, Shall live to God at last.
My con - fi - dence is all in Thee, The faith - ful God of love.



3.

While still to Thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou canst not let me sin ;
And Thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all Thy mind brought in.

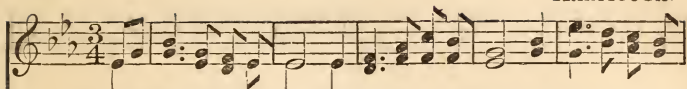
4.

Wherefore, in never ceasing prayer,
My soul to Thy continued care
I faithfully commend !
Assured that Thou through life wilt save,
And show Thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

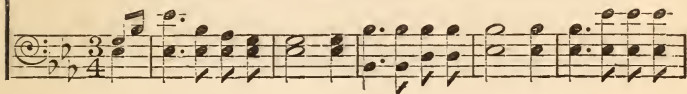
IV.—FAITH.

48

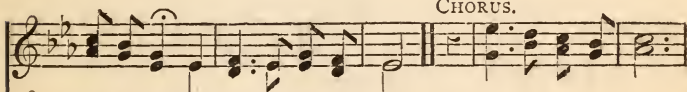
HARTSOUGH.



1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy

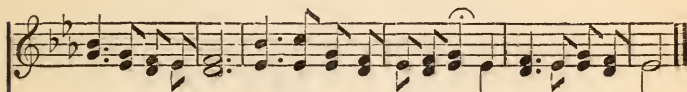
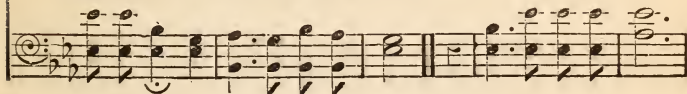


CHORUS.

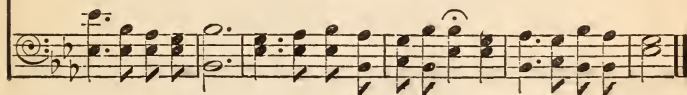


precious blood, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

I am com - ing, Lord,



com - ing now to Thee ! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Calvary !



2.

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure ;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3.

'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4.

And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

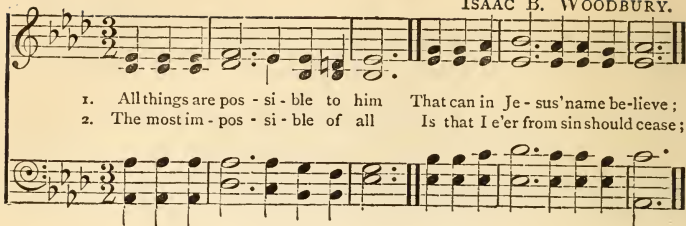
5.

All hail ! atoning blood !
All hail ! redeeming grace !
All hail ! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness !

IV.—FAITH.

49

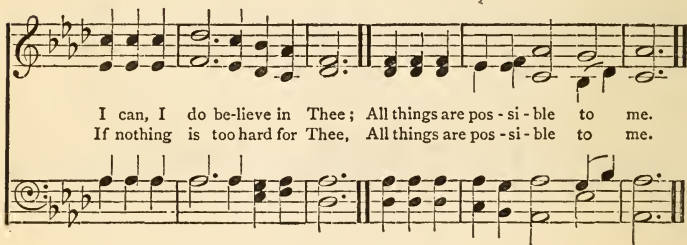
ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



1. All things are pos - si - ble to him That can in Je - sus' name be - lieve ;
 2. The most im - pos - si - ble of all Is that I e'er from sin should cease ;



Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme, Thy truth I lov - ing - ly re - ceive.
 Yet shall it be, I know it shall ; Je - sus, look to Thy faithfulness !



I can, I do be - lieve in Thee ; All things are pos - si - ble to me.
 If nothing is too hard for Thee, All things are pos - si - ble to me.

3.

Though earth and hell the Word gainsay
 The Word of God can never fail ;
 The Lamb shall take my sins away ;
 'Tis certain, though impossible.
 The thing impossible shall be,
 All things are possible to me.

4.

All things are possible to God :
 To Christ, the power of God in man ;
 To me when I am all renewed,
 When I in Christ am formed again :
 And witness from all sin set free,
 All things are possible to me.

IV.—FAITH.

50

M'DONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

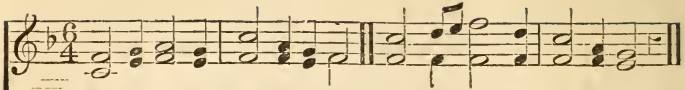
Cho. I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, O Lamb of Cal - va -

- ry; Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me - now.

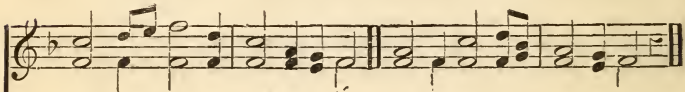
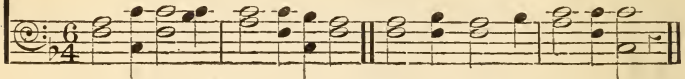
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee;
Long has evil reigned within:
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>3. Here I give my all to Thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;</p> | <p>Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine—for evermore.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>4. In the promises I trust;
Now I know the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>5. Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfect in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|--|--|

IV.—FAITH,

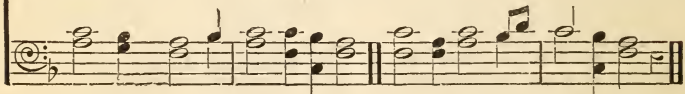
52



1. Full sal-va-tion! full sal-va-tion. Lo, the foun-tain, o-pen'd wide,



Streams through ev'-ry land and na-tion From the Saviour's wounded side.



Full se - ra - tion! Full sal-va-tion! Streams an end-less crim-son tide.

2. O the glorious revelation!
See the cleansing current flow,
Washing stains of condemnation
Whiter than the driven snow:
Full salvation—
O, the rapturous bliss to know!
3. Love's resistless current sweeping
All the regions deep within;
Thought, and wish, and senses keeping
Now, and every instant, clean:
Full salvation—
Full salvation from all sin.

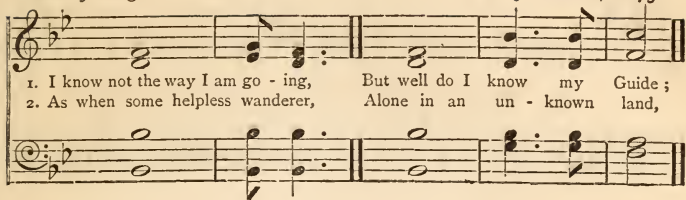
4. Life immortal, heaven descending,
Lo, the Spirit seeks His shrine!
God and man in oneness blending—
O, what fellowship is mine!
Full salvation,
Raised in Christ to life divine.
5. Care and doubting, sin and sorrow,
Fear and shame are mine no more;
Faith knows naught of dark to-morrow,
For my Saviour goes before:
Full salvation—
Full and free for evermore!

IV.—FAITH.

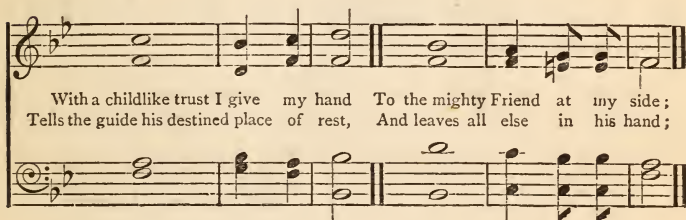
53

With feeling.

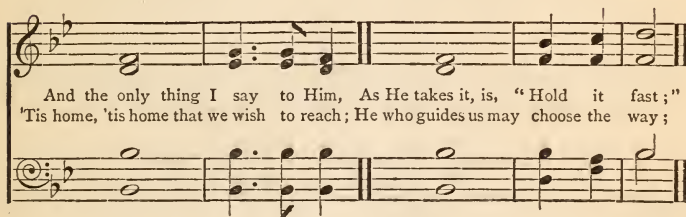
WM. JOHNSON, 1875.



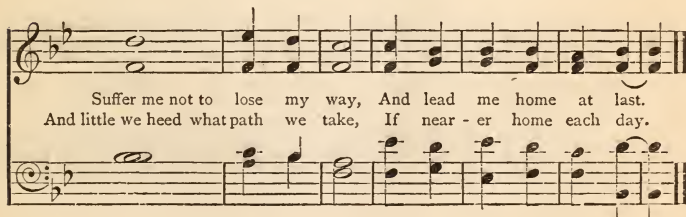
1. I know not the way I am go - ing, But well do I know my Guide ;
2. As when some helpless wanderer, Alone in an un - known land,



With a childlike trust I give my hand To the mighty Friend at my side ;
Tells the guide his destined place of rest, And leaves all else in his hand ;



And the only thing I say to Him, As He takes it, is, "Hold it fast ;"
'Tis home, 'tis home that we wish to reach ; He who guides us may choose the way ;



Suffer me not to lose my way, And lead me home at last.
And little we heed what path we take, If near - er home each day.

IV.—FAITH.

54

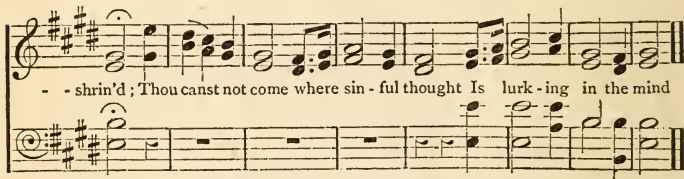
BOTTOME.

C. M.

WOODBURY.



1. I know, O Lord, Thou dwell-est not Where i - dols are en -



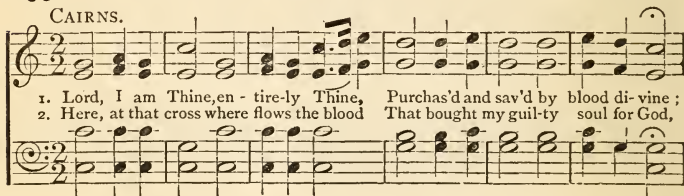
- - shrin'd ; Thou canst not come where sin - ful thought Is lurk - ing in the mind

2. And yet Thy searching light has shown
The blindness of my faith,
That sought to build Thy house upon
A sepulchre of death.
3. I thought my foolish heart sincere,
And, till Thy word made known,
Knew not what brood of evil there
Had nestled 'neath Thy throne.

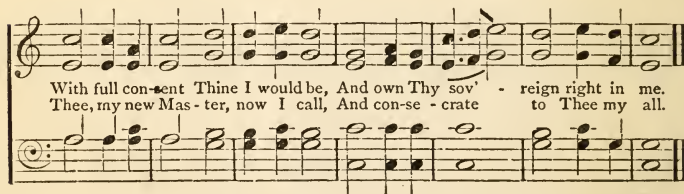
4. Now swift to purge Thy temple, Lord,
My quickened conscience moves ;
Proud Baal's priests I put to sword
And burn down all his groves.
5. My fond affections cling no more
To other loves than Thine ;
The shameful lusts that burned before
Are quenched in love divine.

55

CAIRNS.



1. Lord, I am Thine, en - tire-ly Thine, Purchas'd and sav'd by blood di-vine ;
2. Here, at that cross where flows the blood That bought my guilt-y soul for God,



With full con-sent Thine I would be, And own Thy sov' - reign right in me.
Thee, my new Mas - ter, now I call, And con-se - crate to Thee my all.

IV.--FAITH.

56

NOTE.

BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less, Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name:

On Christ, the So - lid Rock, I stand; All o - ther ground is

sink - ing sand, All o - ther ground is sink - ing sand.

2.

When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the vale:
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3.

His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

IV.—FAITH.

57

CROFTS.

FISCHER.

1. I stand all be-wilder'd with won-der, . . And gaze on the o-cean of
 2. I strug-gled and wrestled to win it,— The blessing that set-teth me
 3. He laid His hand on me and heal'd me, . . And bade me be ev'-ry whit
 4. The Prince of my Peace is now pass-ing, . . The light of His face is on

love, . . And o-ver the waves to my spi-rit Comes
 free; . . But, when I had ceas'd from my strug-gles, His
 whole; . . I touch-ed the hem of His gar-ment, And
 me; . . But lis-ten, be lov-ed, He speak-eth: "My

CHORUS.

peace like a hea-ven-ly dove. } The cross now co-vers my sins,
 peace Je-sus gave un-to me. } The past is un-der the blood;
 glo-ry came thril-ling my soul. }
 peace I will give un-to thee."

I'm trusting in Je-sus for all, My will is the will of my God.

IV.—FAITH.

58

COOK.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. In some way or o - ther the Lord will pro - vide : It may not be
2. At some time or o - ther the Lord will pro - vide : It may not be

my way, It may not be thy way ; And yet, in His own way, ' The
my time, It may not be thy time ; And yet, in His owntime, ' The

CHORUS.

Lord will pro - vide.' Let us trust in the Lord, And He will pro - vide, Yes, we'll

trust in the Lord, And He will pro - vide, Yes, He will pro - vide.

3. Despond then no longer ; the Lord will provide :
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Hath ever been broken :
" The Lord will provide."
4. March on then right boldly ; the sea shall divide ;
With Canaan before us,
With Heaven's mercy o'er us,
We'll join in the chorus :
" The Lord will provide."

IV.—FAITH.

59

PAGE.

SWENEY.

1. Sim-ply trust-ing ev'-ry day ; Trust-ing, tho' a stor-my way ;
2. Brightly doth His Spirit shine In - to this poor heart of mine ;

E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall, Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing Him while life shall last, life shall last,

[Trust - ing Him till earth is past, earth is past, Till with-in the jas-per

IV.—FAITH:

wall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
jas - per wall,

3. Singing if my way is clear ;
Praying if the path is drear ;
If in danger, for Him call—
Trusting Jesus that is all.—*Cho.*

4. Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting Him whate'er befall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.—*Cho.*

60

S. M.

1. Je - ho - vah, judge my cause, A - venge me of my foe,
2. To Thee and to Thy cross For help, O Lord, I flee,
Chorus. O Lord, de - li - ver me, O Lord, de - li - ver me ;

Fight against Sa - tan and his host, O lay the strong one low.
He must pre - vail if Thou do not, O Lord, de - li - ver me.
O Lord, my life, my strength, my all, Do Thou de - li - ver me.

3. For Thou hast vanquished him!
Let him not conquer me ;
Put him to shame, O Lord,
Give me the victory.

4. It is not strength that wins,
My weakness is my shield ;
In lowly trust I fight the fight,
And meekness wins the field.

5. Jesus, to Thee I flee,
Jesus, Thy cross I clasp ;
Save me from Satan's hellish power,
O pluck me from his grasp.

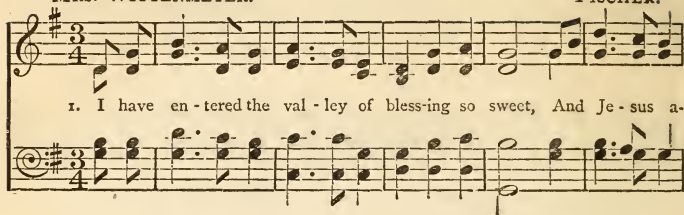
6. So shall I praise Thee, Lord,
And Thy great name adore ;
With Father and with Spirit one,
For ever evermore !

IV.—FAITH.

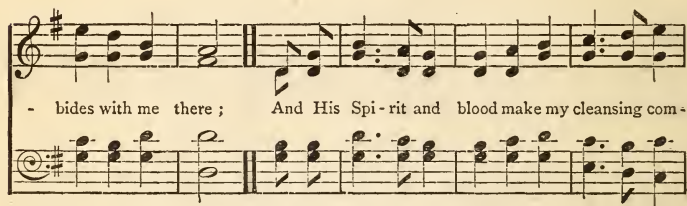
61

MRS. WITTENMEYER.

FISCHER.



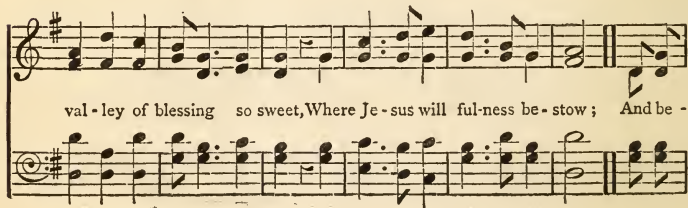
1. I have en - tered the val - ley of bless - ing so sweet, And Je - sus a -



- bides with me there ; And His Spi - rit and blood make my cleansing com -



CHORUS.
plete, And His per - fect love cast - eth out fear. Oh, come to this



val - ley of blessing so sweet, Where Je - sus will ful - ness be - stow ; And be -

IV.—FAITH.

- lieve, and receive, and con-fess Him, That all His sal - va - tion may know.

2. There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary worn traveller's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.—*Cho.*
3. There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.—*Cho.*
4. There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at His feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"—*Cho.*

62

1. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows, For He knows,
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows, For He knows,

How, be-side me, safe to guide me Thro' my foes; Je - sus knows, yes, He knows.
Mak - ing du - ty, bright with beauty Like the rose; Je - sus knows, yes, He knows.

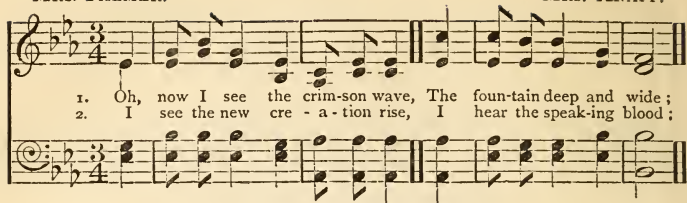
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
What to make me, where to take me
At life's close;
Jesus knows, yes He knows.</p> | <p>4. I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows;
There I'll leave me; He'll receive me,
For He knows;
Jesus knows, yes, He knows.</p> |
|---|---|

IV.—FAITH.

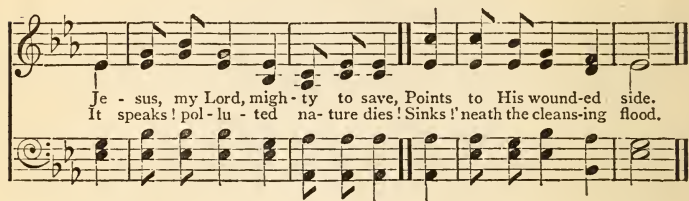
63

MRS. PALMER.

MRS. KNAPP.

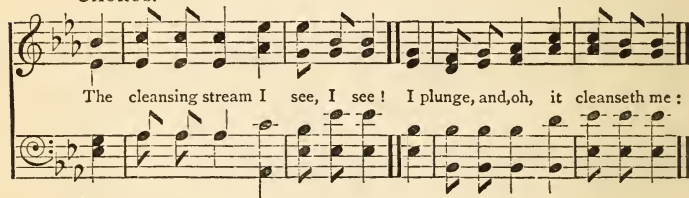


1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave, The foun-tain deep and wide ;
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood ;

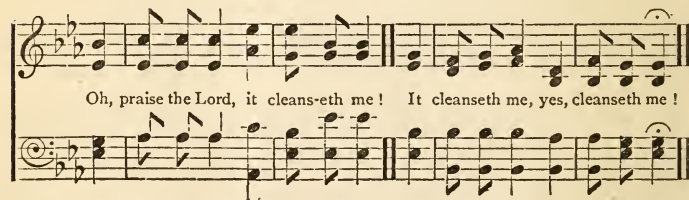


Je - sus, my Lord, migh - ty to save, Points to His wound-ed side.
It speaks ! pol - lu - ted na - ture dies ! Sinks ! 'neath the cleans-ing flood.

CHORUS.



The cleansing stream I see, I see ! I plunge, and, oh, it cleanseth me :



Oh, praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me ! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me !

3.
I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.—*Cho.*

4.
Amazing grace ! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied ;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.—*Cho.*

PART V.

V.—THE BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT.

64

HASTINGS.

1. Je - sus, Thine all vic - tor - ious love Shed in my heart a -

- broad; . . Then shall my feet no long - er rove, Root -

- ed and fix'd in God, . . Root - ed and fix'd in God.

2. O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

4. Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
5. My steadfast soul, from falling free
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

V.—THE BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT.

65

WARE.

BOTTOM.

1. O Thou ex - alt - ed Son of God, High seat - ed on the Fa - ther's throne !

The gifts, the purchase of Thy blood, To us, Thy waiting saints, make known.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Come, Holy Ghost, all sacred fire !
Come, fill Thy earthly temples now ;
Emptied of every base desire,
Reign Thou within, and only Thou.</p> <p>3. Thy sovereign right, Thy gracious claim,
To every thought and every power,—
Our lives,—to glorify Thy name,
We yield in this accepted hour.</p> <p>4. Fill every chamber of the soul ;
Fill all our thoughts, our passions fill ;
Till under Thy supreme control
Submissive rests our cheerful will.</p> | <p>5. 'Tis done ! Thou dost this moment come ;
My longing soul is all Thine own ;
My heart is Thy abiding home ;
Henceforth I live for Thee alone.</p> <p>6. The altar sanctifies the gift ;
The blood insures the boon divine :
My outstretched hands to heaven I lift,
And claim the Father's promise mine.</p> <p>7. Now rise, exalting rise, my soul,
Triumphant sing the Saviour's praise ;
His name through earth and skies extol,
With all Thy power through all thy days.</p> |
|---|---|

66

1. The Com - for - ter is come, We feel His pre - sence here ;
2. This ten - der - ness of love, This hush of sol - emn pow'r ;

Our hearts would now no long - er roam, But bow in fil - ial fear.
'Tis heav'n des - cen - ding from a - bove, To fill this favor - ed hour.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light serenely shines,
And every heart, divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.</p> | <p>4. No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray,
Oh, let us never, never grieve
'The Comforter away !</p> |
|---|---|

V.—THE BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT.

67

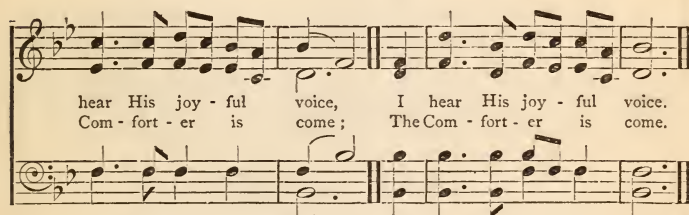
C.M.



1. My soul doth mag - ni - fy the Lord, My spi - rit doth re -
2. I need not go a - broad for joy, Who have a feast at



- joice In God, my Sa - viour and my God, I
home; My sighs are turn'd to hap - py songs: The

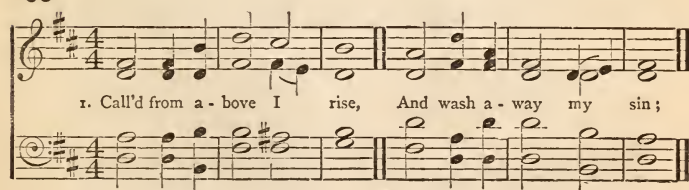


hear His joy - ful voice, I hear His joy - ful voice.
Com - fort - er is come; The Com - fort - er is come.

3. Down from on high the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love:
This is my heavenly feast.

4. Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son,
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Glory to God alone.

68



1. Call'd from a - bove I rise, And wash a - way my sin;

V.—THE BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT.

The stream to which my spi - rit flies Can make the foul-est clean.

2. It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide,
"Twas opened by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side.
3. Deep in my soul I feel
The living waters spring,
And joy the wondrous news to tell,
And full salvation sing.

4. O life reviving flood,
Through all my senses flow!
Till all I am is lost in God,
And I but Jesus know.
5. My thirsty spirit craves
No lesser joy than this,
To know that Jesus fully saves,
And I am fully His.

69

OLMUTZ.

HANDEL.

1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour,
2. We meet with one ac - cord, In our ap - point - ed place,

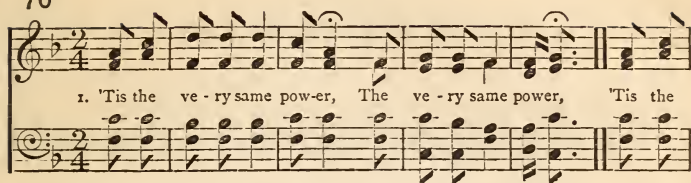
As on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy power!
And wait the pro - mise of our Lord, The Spi - rit of all grace.

3. Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.
4. The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

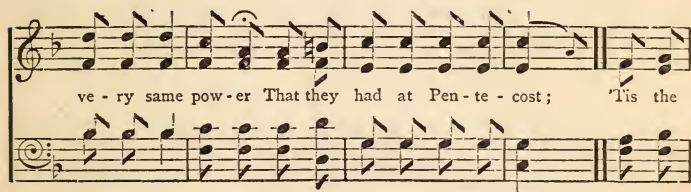
5. Spirit of Light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day!
6. Spirit of Truth, be Thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

V.—THE BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT.

70



1. 'Tis the ve - ry same pow - er, The ve - ry same power, 'Tis the



ve - ry same pow - er That they had at Pen - te - cost; 'Tis the



power, the pow - er, 'Tis the power that Je - sus promised should come down.

2.
While with one accord assembled,
All in an upper room,
Came the power, the power, &c.

3.
With cloven tongues of fire,
And a rushing mighty wind,
Came the power, the power, &c.

4.
'Twas while they all were praying,
And believing it would come,
Came the power, the power, &c.

5.
Some thought they were fanatic,
Or were drunken with new wine;
'Twas the power, the power, &c.

6.
Three thousand were converted,
And were added to the church
By the power, the power, &c.

7.
The martyrs had that power,
As they triumphed in the flames;
'Twas the power, the power, &c.

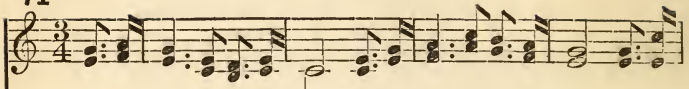
8.
Our fathers had this power,
And we may have it too;
'Tis the power, the power, &c.

9.
'Tis the very same power,
For I feel it in my soul;
'Tis the power, the power, &c.

PART VI.

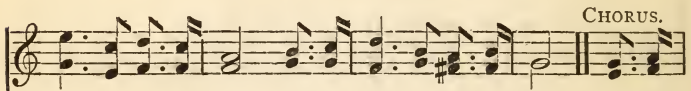
VI.—THE OVERCOMING LIFE.

71

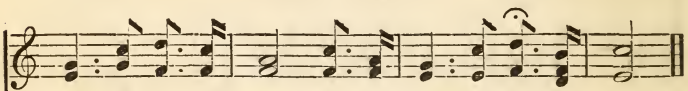


1. Je - sus saves me ev'-ry day, Je - sus saves me ev'-ry night ; Je - sus

CHORUS.



saves me all the way, Thro' the dark-ness, thro' the light. Je - sus



saves, Oh, bliss sub - lime, Je - sus saves me all the time.

2.
Jesus saves shall I repine,
Jesus saves when I rejoice ;
Jesus saves when hopes decline—
Faith can always hear His voice.
Chorus.

3.
Jesus saves when sorrows come,
Jesus saves when death appears ;
Jesus saves and leads me home,
Where shall end my doubts and fears?
Chorus.

4.
Jesus saves me, He is mine ;
Jesus saves me, I am His ;
Jesus saves when I recline
On His precious promises.
Chorus.

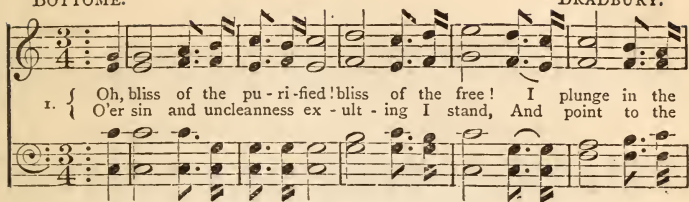
5.
Jesus saves, He saves from sin,
Jesus saves, I feel Him nigh ;
Jesus saves, He dwells within,
Gladly do I testify.
Chorus.

VI.—THE OVERCOMING LIFE.

72

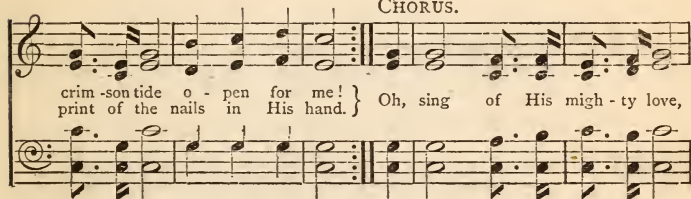
BOTTOMME.

BRADBURY.



1. { Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied ! bliss of the free ! I plunge in the
O'er sin and uncleanness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the

CHORUS.



crim - son tide o - pen for me ! } Oh, sing of His migh - ty love,
print of the nails in His hand. }



Sing of His mighty love, Sing of His migh - ty love—Mighty to save.

2.

Oh, bliss of the purified ! Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine ;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifted upon me the smiles of His face !—*Cho.*

3.

Oh, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the pure !
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure ;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,—
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.—*Cho.*

4.

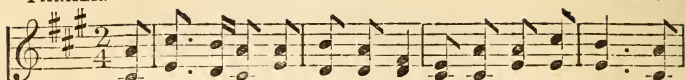
O Jesus the Crucified ! Thee will I sing !
My blessed Redeemer ! My God and my King !
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the Mighty to save.—*Cho.*

VI.—THE OVERCOMING LIFE.

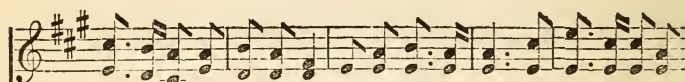
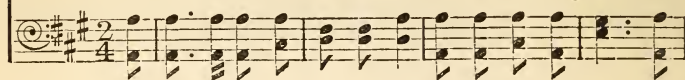
73

PARKER.

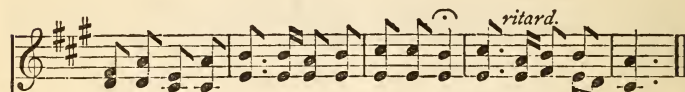
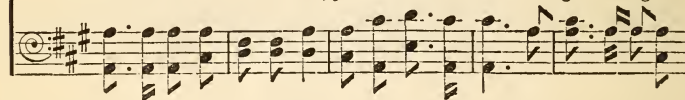
CAMP.



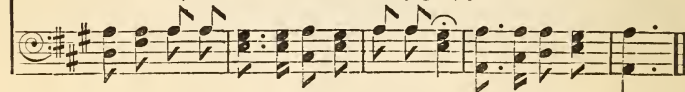
1. I'm more than conqueror thro' His blood, Je - sus saves me now; I



rest beneath the shield of God, Je - sus saves me now. I go a kingdom



to ob-tain, I shall thro' Him the vict'ry gain, Je - sus saves me now.



2. Before the battle-lines are spread,
Jesus saves me now;
Before the boasting foe is dead,
Jesus saves me now.
I win the fight, though not begun,
I'll trust and shout, still marching on,
Jesus saves me now.

3. I'll ask no more that I may see,
Jesus saves me now;
His promise is enough for me,
Jesus saves me now.
Though foes be strong and walls be high,
I'll shout, He gives the victory,
Jesus saves me now.

4. Why should I ask a sign from God,
Jesus saves me now;
Can I not trust the precious blood,
Jesus saves me now.
Strong in His word, I meet the foe,
And, *shouting*, win without a blow,
Jesus saves me now.

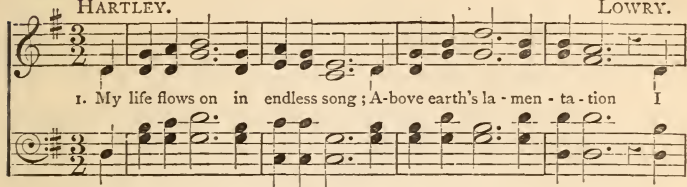
5. Should Satan come like whelming waves,
Jesus saves me now;
Ere trials crush, my Father saves,
Jesus saves me now.
He hides me till the storm is past,
For me He tempers every blast,
Jesus saves me now.

VI.—THE OVERCOMING LIFE.

74

HARTLEY.

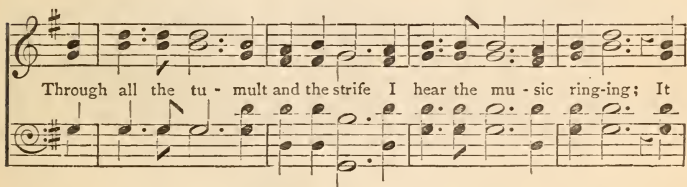
LOWRY.



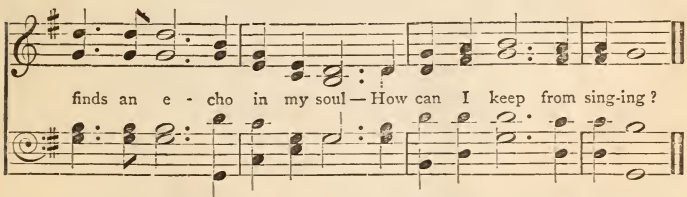
1. My life flows on in endless song ; A - bove earth's la - men - ta - tion I



catch the sweet though far-off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion.



Through all the tu - mult and the strife I hear the mu - sic ring - ing ; It

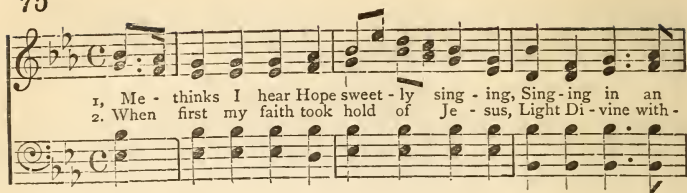


finds an e - cho in my soul — How can I keep from sing - ing ?

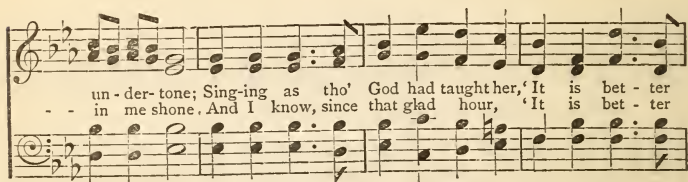
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. What though my joys and comfort die ?
 The Lord, my Saviour, liveth ;
 What though the darkness gather round ?
 Songs in the night He giveth.
 No storm can shake my inmost calm,
 While to that refuge clinging ;
 Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
 How can I keep from singing ?</p> | <p>3. I lift my eyes ; the cloud grows thin ;
 I see the blue above it ;
 And day by day this pathway smooths,
 Since first I learned to love it,
 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
 A fountain ever springing ;
 All things are mine since I am His—
 How can I keep from singing ?</p> |
|--|---|

VI.—THE OVERCOMING LIFE.

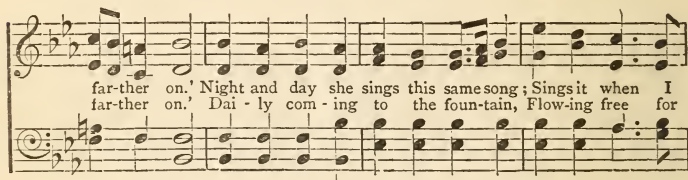
75



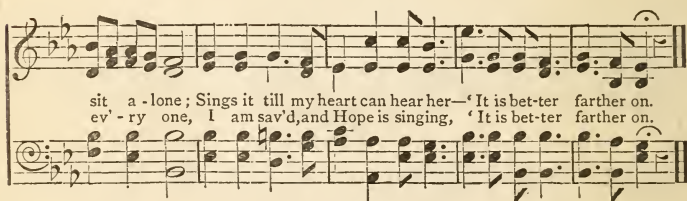
1, Me - thinks I hear Hope sweet - ly sing - ing, Sing - ing in an
2. When first my faith took hold of Je - sus, Light Di - vine with -



un - der - tone; Sing - ing as tho' God had taught her, 'It is bet - ter
- in me shone. And I know, since that glad hour, 'It is bet - ter

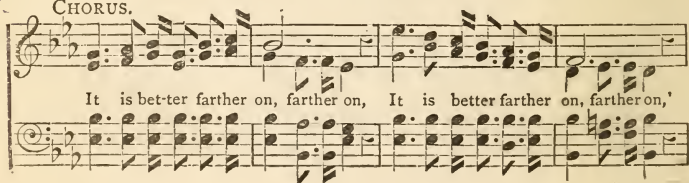


far - ther on, 'Night and day she sings this same song; Sings it when I
far - ther on, 'Dai - ly com - ing to the foun - tain, Flow - ing free for



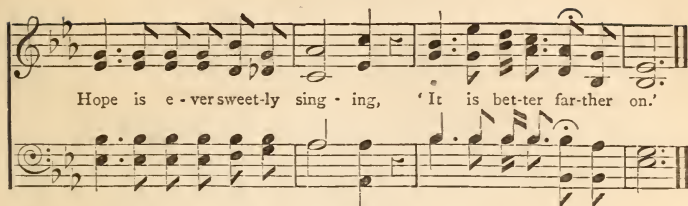
sit a - lone; Sings it till my heart can hear her—'It is bet - ter farther on.
ev - ry one, I am sav'd, and Hope is singing, 'It is bet - ter farther on.

CHORUS.



It is bet - ter farther on, farther on, It is better farther on, farther on,

VI.—THE OVERCOMING LIFE.



3. Within my soul Hope sings most sweetly,
When I absent friends bemoan;
(Oh, sweet words, they cheer my spirit,
"It is better farther on."
Sitting on the grave she sings it;
Sings it when my heart doth groan;
Sings it when the clouds are darkest—
"It is better farther on."

4. Farther on! but how much farther?—
Count the mile-stones one by one?
No! not counting, only trusting
It is better farther on.
Hope, my soul, hope on for ever!
All thy doubts and fears begone!
Jesus will forsake thee never:
It is better farther on.

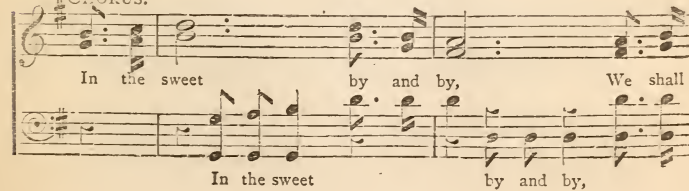
76

BOTTOM.

WEBSTER.



CHORUS.



VI.—THE OVERCOMING LIFE.

meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by and
by and by, by and by, In the
by,
We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
sweet by and by.

2.
There is cleansing and healing for all,
Who have washed in the life-giving blood,
There is life everlasting and joy
At the right hand of God, through the blood.
Chorus.

3.
Even now while we taste of His love.
We are filled with delight at His name,
But what will it be when above,
We shall join in the song of the Lamb.
Chorus.

4.
Then we'll march in His name till we come
At His bidding to enter our rest ;
And the Father shall welcome us home
To our place in the realms of the blest.
Chorus.

5.
So with banner unfurled to the breeze,
Our motto shall holiness be,
Till the crown at His hand we shall seize,
And the King in His glory we see.
Chorus.

77

1. Je-su, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som
CHORUS—Rock of A-ges cleft for me, Rock of A-ges cleft for
fly, While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high.
me, Rock of A-ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

2. Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of my wing.

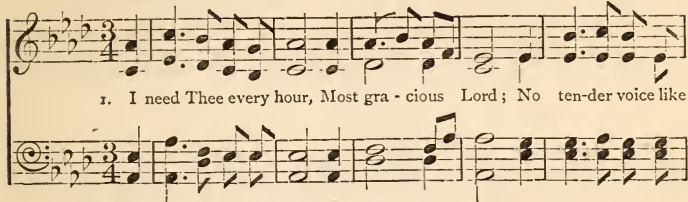
PART VII.

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

78

MRS. HAWKS.

LOWRY.

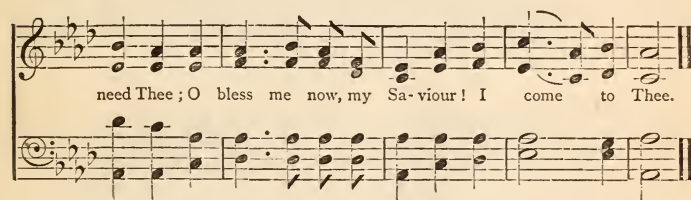


1. I need Thee every hour, Most gra - cious Lord ; No ten - der voice like

REFRAIN.



Thine Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, oh ! I need Thee ; Every hour I



need Thee ; O bless me now, my Sa - viour ! I come to Thee.

2.
I need Thee every hour ;
Stay Thou near by ;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3.
I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain ;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4.
I need Thee every hour ;
Teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

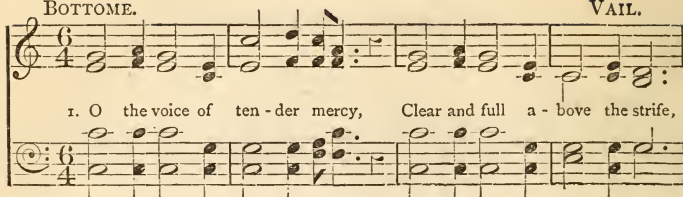
5.
I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One ;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son !

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

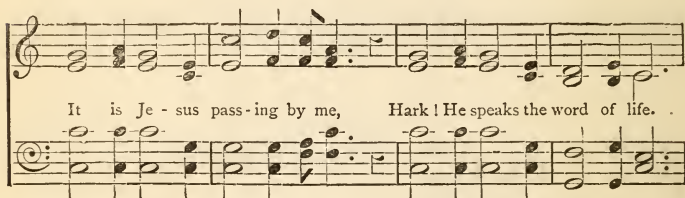
79

BOTTOM.

VAIL.

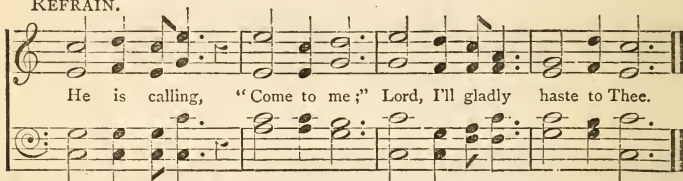


1. O the voice of ten - der mercy, Clear and full a - bove the strife,



It is Je - sus pass - ing by me, Hark ! He speaks the word of life.

REFRAIN.



He is calling, "Come to me ;" Lord, I'll gladly haste to Thee.

2.
At His touch is sight and healing,
At His nod the dead arise ;
When He speaks, new life revealing,
Guilty condemnation flies.
He is calling.

3.
Lo ! His arm hath brought salvation,
He is mighty to redeem ;
There's no mortal tribulation
But is lost in finding Him.
He is calling.

4.
Lamb of God, His blood atoneth,
He the perfect sacrifice ;
Not a sin my soul bemoaneth,
But upon His altar dies.
He is calling.

5.
Son of God, He ever liveth,
Saves me to the uttermost !
And in Him my soul receiveth
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
He is calling.

6.
Blessed sense of heaven within me,
Blessed consciousness of love ;
Blessed resurrection glory,
Raised to sit with Christ above.
He is calling.

7.
O the fulness of salvation,
O the broadness of His grace,
O the rapturous exaltation,
O the smiling of His face.
He is calling.

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

80

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe,
2. Take the name of Je - sus e - ver As a shield from ev'ry snare;

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temptations round you ga - ther, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.

CHORUS.

Precious name, oh, how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of
Precious name, oh, how sweet!

heav'n, Precious name, oh, how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, oh how sweet, how sweet!

3. Oh, the precious name of Jesus.
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ
Chorus

4. At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown
Him,
When our journey is complete.
Chorus.

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

81

mf Cheerfully,

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear ;

What a pri - vi - lege to car - ry Ev' - ry-thing to God in prayer.

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what end-less pain we bear ;

All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev' - ry-thing to God in prayer.

2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care;
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arm He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

82

BLISS.

1. { I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His
Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see, This is the

CHORUS.

love in the Book He has giv'n; } I am so glad that
dear - est, that Je - sus loves me. }

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

2.
Though I forget Him and wander away,
Kindly He follows wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
Chorus.

3.
Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.
Chorus.

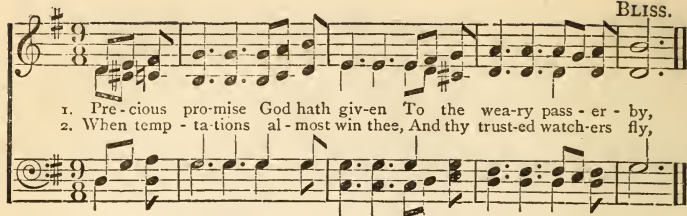
4.
Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to
redeem,
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
Chorus.

5.
If one should ask of me, how could I tell;
Glory to Jesus, I know very well;
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing, Jesus loves me.
Chorus.

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

83

BLISS.

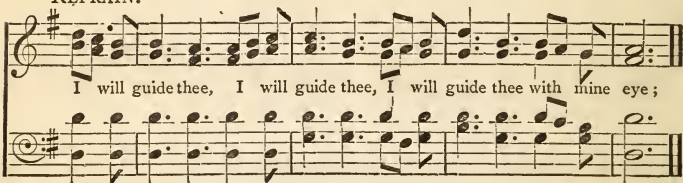


1. Pre-cious pro-mise God hath giv-en To the wea-ry pass-er-by,
2. When temp-tations al-most win thee, And thy trust-ed watch-ers fly,



On the way from earth to hea-ven, 'I will guide thee with mine eye.'
Let this pro-mise ring with-in thee, 'I will guide thee with mine eye.'

REFRAIN.



I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;



On the way from earth to hea-ven, I will guide thee with mine eye.

3. When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

4. When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

84

1. { Thou sweet be-lov-ed will of God, My anchor ground, my fortress hill,
My spi-rit's si-lent fair a-bode, In Thee I hide me and am still.

CHORUS.

Thy will be done, Thy will be done, In earth and heav'n Thy will be

done, Thy will be done, Thy will be done, In earth and heav'n Thy will be done.

2.
O will, that willest good alone,
Lead Thou the way, Thou guidest best,
A little child, I follow on,
And, trusting, lean upon Thy breast.

3.
Thy beautiful sweet will, my God,
Holds fast in its sublime embrace,
My captive will, a gladsome bird,
Prisoned in such a realm of grace.

4.
Within this place of certain good
Love evermore expands her wings,
Or nestling in Thy perfect choice
Abides content with what it brings.

5.
O lightest burden, sweetest yoke,
It lifts, it bears my happy soul;
It giveth wings to this poor heart,
My freedom is Thy grand control.

6.
Upon God's will I lay me down
As child upon its mother's breast;
No silken couch, nor softest bed,
Could ever give me such deep rest.

7.
Thy wonderful grand will, my God,
With triumph now I make it mine,
And faith shall cry a joyous, Yes!
To every dear command of Thine.

GILMORE.

BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me! O blessed thought, O words with heav'n-ly
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where Ed - en's

com - fort fraught; Whate'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still
 bow - ers bloom, By wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea— Still

REFRAIN.
 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. } He lead - eth me! He
 'tis His hand that lead - eth me. }

lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me; His

faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand he lead - eth me.

3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—*Refr.*
4. And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
 —*Refr.*

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

86

MRS. PRENTISS.

DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I crav'd, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -

pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea:
-lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, } More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, }

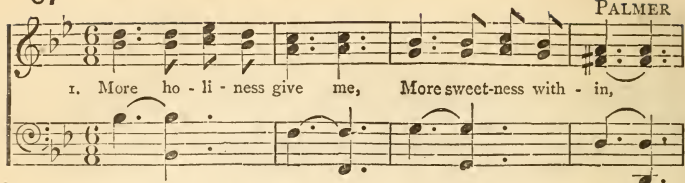
3. Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ to Thee!
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

4. Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ to Thee!
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

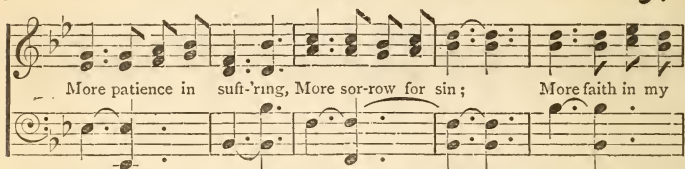
VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

87

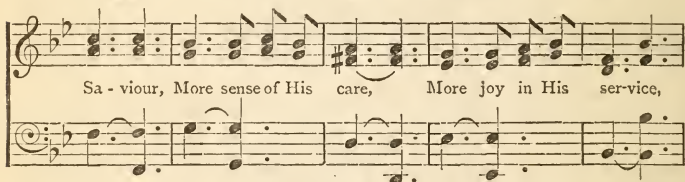
PALMER



1. More ho - li - ness give me, More sweet-ness with - in,



More patience in suf - f'ring, More sor-row for sin; More faith in my

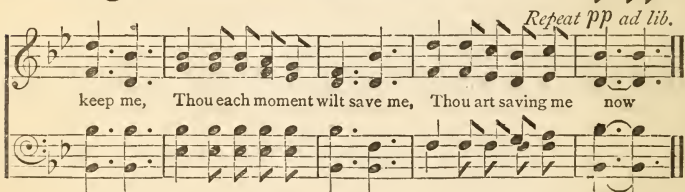


Sa - viour, More sense of His care, More joy in His ser - vice,

REFRAIN.



More purpose in prayer. Come, my Savior, and help me, Comfort, strengthen, and



keep me, Thou each moment wilt save me, Thou art saving me now

Repeat pp ad lib.

2. More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord;
More pride in His glory,
More hope in His word.
More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief,
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

3. More victory give me,
More strength to o'ercome,
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home,
More fit for the kingdom,
More useful I'd be,
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee.

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

88

CROSBY.

DOANE.

1. On - ly Thee, my soul's Redeemer! Whom have I in heaven be-side?

Who on earth, with love so ten-der, All my wand'ring steps will guide?

CHORUS.

On - ly Thee, on - ly Thee, Lov-ing Sa-viour, on - ly Thee.

2. Only Thee! no joy I covet,
But the joy to call Thee mine—
Joy that gives the blest assurance
Thou hast owned and sealed me Thine.
3. Only Thee! I ask no other;
Thou art more than all to me;

- Life, or health, or creature comfort,—
I would give them all for Thee.
4. Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,
Would my raptured vision see,
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

89

MISS HANKEY.

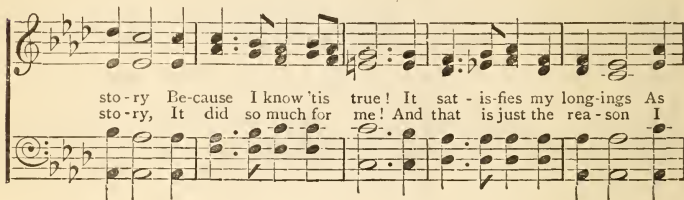
FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More wonder-ful it seems Than all the

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

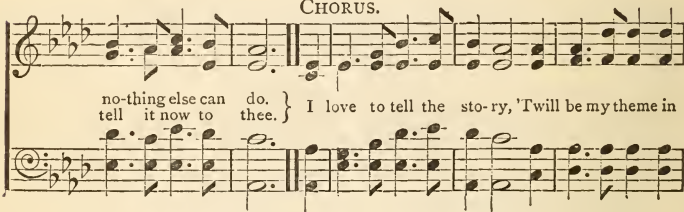


and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
golden fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the

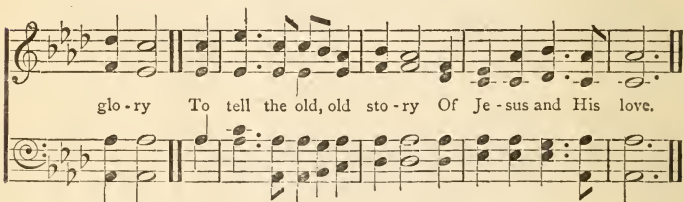


sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true! It sat - is - fies my long - ings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I

CHORUS.



no - thing else can do. } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
tell it now to thee. }



glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

3. I love to tell the story ;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story ;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word. —*Cho.*

4. I love to tell the story ;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest,
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long. —*Cho.*

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

90

NICHOLSON.

HULL.

1. In God I have found a re-treat, Where I can se-cure-ly a-

- bide; No re-fuge, nor rest so com-plete, And here I in-tend to re-

CHORUS.

side. Oh, what com-fort it brings, As my soul sweet-ly sings:

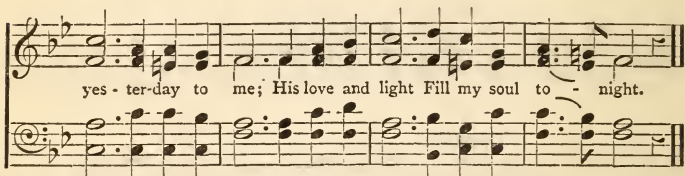
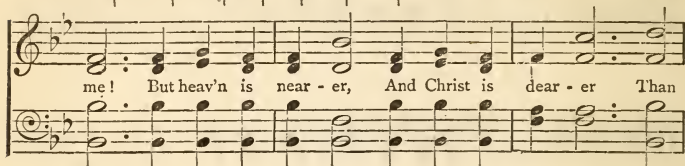
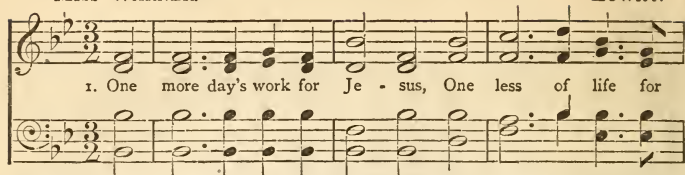
I am safe from all dan-ger While un-der His wings.

2. I dread not the terror by night,
Nor arrow can harm me by day;
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears He has driven away.
3. The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of God.

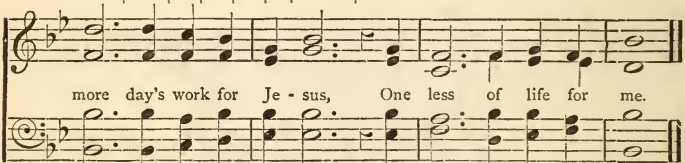
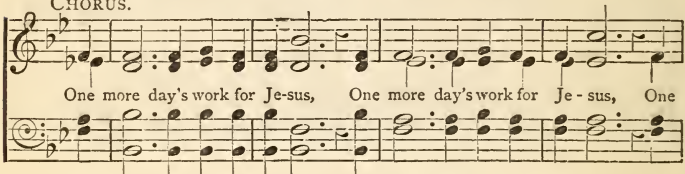
4. The wasting destruction at noon
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.
5. A thousand may fall at my side,
And ten thousand at my right hand,
Above me His wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand,

MISS WARNER.

LOWRY.



CHORUS.



2. One more days work for Jesus ;
How glorious is my King !
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak His beauty ;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought [Cho.
How Christ my life hast bought.—

3. One more day's work for Jesus ;
How sweet the work has been
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in !
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine !—Cho.

4. One more day's work for Jesus—
O, yes, a weary day ;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way ;
And Christ in all—
Before His face I fall.—Cho.

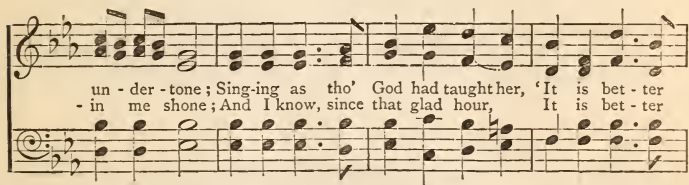
5. O, blessed work for Jesus !
O, rest at Jesus' feet !
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet,
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day !—Cho.

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

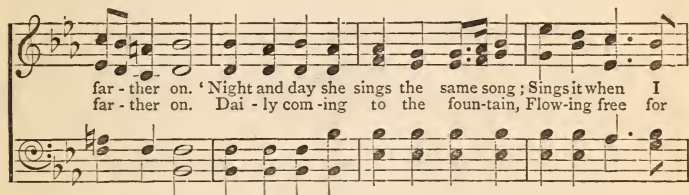
92



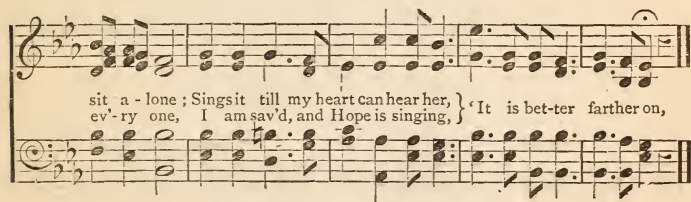
1. Me - thinks I hear Hope sweet-ly sing-ing, Sing-ing in an
2. When first my faith took hold of Je - sus, Light Di - vine with -



un - der - tone; Sing-ing as tho' God had taught her, 'It is bet - ter
- in me shone; And I know, since that glad hour, It is bet - ter

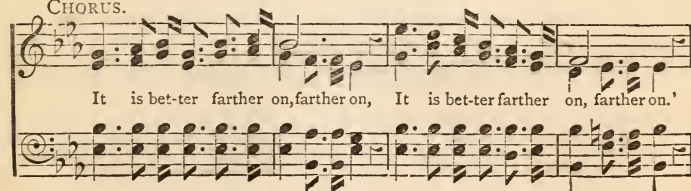


far - ther on. 'Night and day she sings the same song; Sings it when I
far - ther on. Dai - ly com-ing to the foun-tain, Flow-ing free for



sit a - lone; Sings it till my heart can hear her, } 'It is bet-ter farther on,
ev'-ry one, I am sav'd, and Hope is singing, }

CHORUS.



It is bet-ter farther on, farther on, It is bet-ter farther on, farther on.'

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

Hope is e - ver sweetly sing - ing, 'It is bet - ter far - ther on.'

3. Within my soul Hope sings most sweetly,
When I absent friends bemoan ;
(Oh, sweet words, they cheer my spirit),
"It is better farther on."
Sitting on the grave and sings it ;
Singing when my heart doth groan ;
Sings it when the clouds are darkest—
"It is better farther on."

4. Farther on! but how much farther?—
Count the mile-stones one by one ?
No ! not counting, only trusting
It is better farther on.
Hope, my soul, hope on for ever !
All thy doubts and fears begone ?
Jesus will forsake thee never :
It is better farther on.

93

TENOR.

E. JOHNSON.

1. How sweet, how pass-ing sweet, Rest e - ven here to see

1 TREBLE.

2 TREBLE.
2. At dawn - ing light I lay On Thee my ev'-ry care,
BASS.

To rest my soul at Je - su's feet, So near, my Lord, to Thee.

For well I know through all the day My bur - den Thou wilt bear.

3. Night falls with shadows deep,
With Thee I calmly rest,
Thou givest Thy beloved sleep,
Close nestled on Thy breast.

4. Though sorrows dark may fall
I still will rest in Thee,
For Thou dost hear the ravens' call,
And Thou dost care for me,

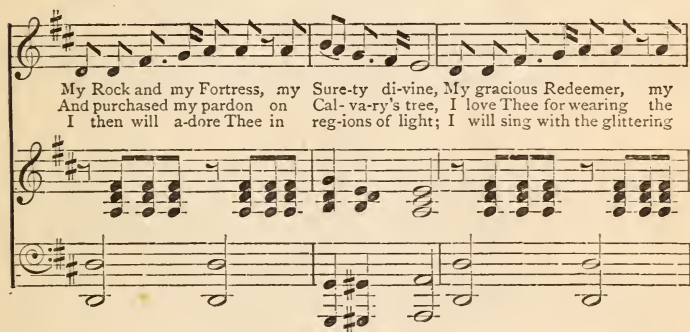
VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

94

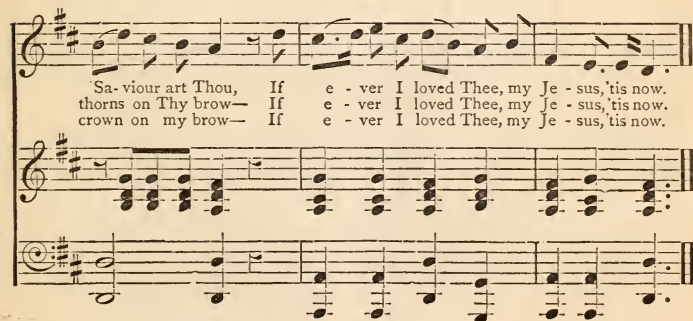
FOSTER.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
 2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. In mansions of glo - ry, and end - less de-light,



My Rock and my Fortress, my Sure-ty di-vine, My gracious Redeemer, my
 And purchased my pardon on Cal - va-ry's tree, I love Thee for wearing the
 I then will a-dore Thee in reg-ions of light; I will sing with the glittering



'Sa- viour art Thou, If e - ver I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow— If e - ver I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow— If e - ver I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

CHORUS.

I'm trust-ing, I'm trusting, at the cross of Christ I bow, If
 I'm trust-ing, I'm trusting, at the cross of Christ I bow, If
 I'm trust-ing, I'm trusting, at the cross of Christ I bow, If

The musical score for the chorus consists of five staves. The first three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass) in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below each staff. The last two staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both in the same key and time signature.

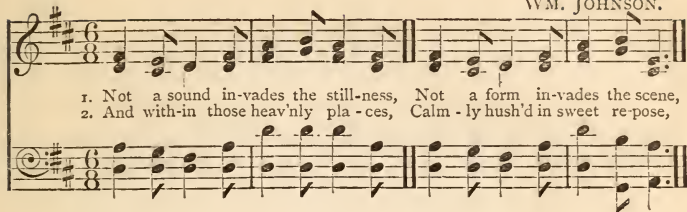
e - ver I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 e - ver I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 e - ver I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

The musical score for the verse consists of five staves, following the same format as the chorus. It includes vocal parts and piano accompaniment in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

95

WM. JOHNSON.




1. Not a sound in-vades the still-ness, Not a form in-vades the scene,
2. And with-in those heav'nly pla-ces, Calm-ly hush'd in sweet re-pose,



Save the voice of my Be-lov-ed, And the per-son of my King.
There I drink, with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst disclose.

CHORUS.



Pre-cious, gen-tle, ho-ly Je-sus! Bless-ed Bridegroom of my heart,



In Thy se-cret in-ner cham-ber, Thou wilt whis-per what Thou art.

3. Wrapt in deep adoring silence,
Jesus, Lord, I dare not move,
Lest I lose the smallest saying
Meant to catch the ear of love.

Chorus.

4. Rest then, O my soul, contented,
Thou hast reached thy happy place
In the bosom of thy Saviour,
Gazing up in His dear face.

Chorus.

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

96

BOTTOMS.

VAIL.

1. Be-neath the glo-rious throne a-bove The crys-tal foun-tain spring-ing,

A ri-ver full of life and love Is joy and gladness bring-ing.

REFRAIN.

O fount of mer-cy! flow-ing free, That fount is op-en'd wide to me,

To me, . . . to me, . . . is op-en'd wide to me. . . .
To me, to me!

2. Through all my soul its waters flow,
Through all my senses stealing;
And deep within my heart I know
The consciousness of healing.
3. The barren wastes are fruitful lands,
The desert blooms with roses;
And He, the glory of all lands,
His lovely face discloses.

4. My sun no more goes down by day,
My moon no more is waning;
My feet run swift the shining way,
The heavenly portals gaining.
5. O depth of mercy, breadth of grace,
love of God unbounded!
My soul is lost in sweet amaze,
wondrous love confounded!

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

97

MRS. BRADLEY.

REV. A. A. WRIGHT.

1. I am Thine own, O Christ; Hence-forth en - tire - ly
2. No earth - ly joy can lure My qui - et soul from

Thine; And life from this glad hour, New life is mine.
Thee; This deep de - light, so pure, Is heaven to me.

3. My joyful song of praise
In sweet content I sing:
To Thee the note I raise,
My King! My King!
4. I cannot tell the art
By which such bliss is given:
I know Thou hast my heart,
And I—have heaven.

5. O peace,—O holy rest,
O balmy breath of love:
O heart, divinest, best,—
Thy depth I prove.
6. I ask this gift of Thee—
A life all lily fair,
And fragrant as the place
Where seraphs are.

98

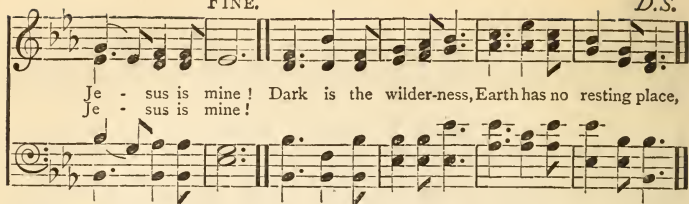
T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev'-ry ten - der tie,
D.S. Je - sus a - lone can bless,

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

FINE.

D.S.



Je - sus is mine ! Dark is the wilder-ness, Earth has no resting place,
Je - sus is mine !

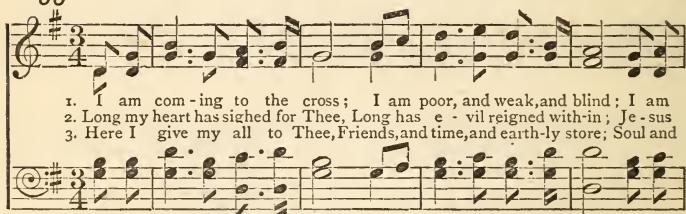
2. Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine !
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine !
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine !

3. Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine !
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine !

All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine !

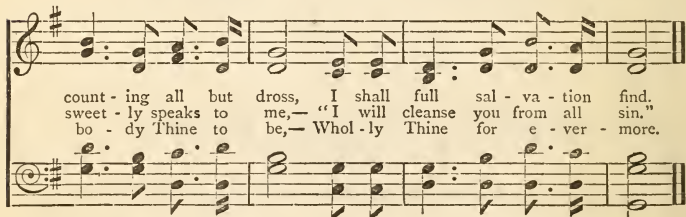
4. Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine !
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine !
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine !

99



1. I am com-ing to the cross ; I am poor, and weak, and blind ; I am
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in ; Je - sus
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth-ly store ; Soul and

CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry ; Humbly



count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find,
sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
bo - dy Thine to be,— Whol - ly Thine for e - ver - more.

at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4. In the promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied ;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5. Jesus lives ! He fills my soul !
Perfect in Him I am ;
I am every whit made whole ;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

100

GORHAM, Arr.

1. The world is o - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb.
2. My sins are wash'd a - way in the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb!

3. I've washed my garments white
In the blood of the Lamb.
Glory to the Lamb, etc.
4. I've lost the fear of death
Through the blood of the Lamb.
Glory to the Lamb, etc.

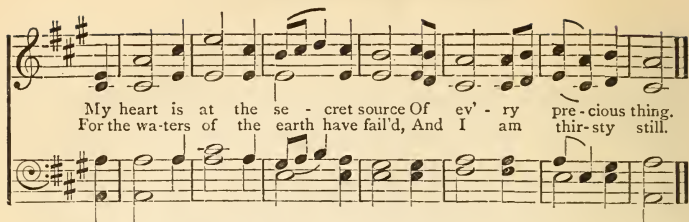
5. The martyrs overcame
By the blood of the Lamb.
Glory to the Lamb, etc.
6. I soon shall gain the skies
Through the blood of the Lamb.
Glory to the Lamb, etc.

101 WARING.

BRADBURY.

1. My heart is rest-ing, O my God,—I will give thanks and sing;
2. Now the frail ves-sel Thou hast made No hand but Thine shall fill—

VII.—UNION WITH CHRIST.



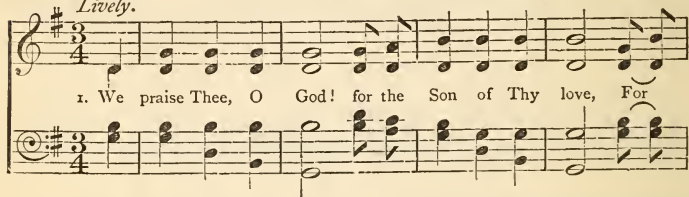
My heart is at the se - cret source Of ev' - ry pre - cious thing.
For the wa - ters of the earth have fail'd, And I am thir - sty still.

3. I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise—
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
4. And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

5. There is a certainty of love,
That sets my heart at rest ;
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be poor is best.
6. A pray'r reposing on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine ;
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

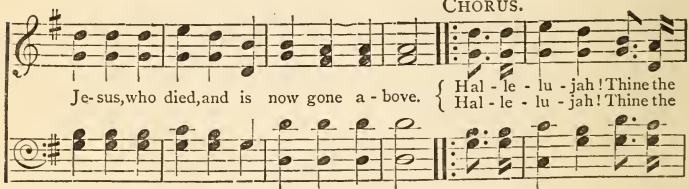
102

Lively.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For

CHORUS.



Je - sus, who died, and is now gone a - bove. { Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the



glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. } Re - vive us a - gain.
glo - ry, }

2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.—*Cho.*
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.—*Cho.*

PART VIII.

VIII.—FOR EVANGELISTIC SERVICE.

103

BLISS.

1. This mes - sage of sal - va - tion To all the world make

known; The on - ly sure foun - da - tion Is Christ the Cor - ner stone.

CHORUS.

No o - ther name is giv - en, No o - ther way is known; 'Tis

Je - sus Christ, the first and last, He saves, and He a - lone.

2. One only door of heaven
Stands open wide to-day;
One sacrifice is given,
'Tis Christ, "the living way."

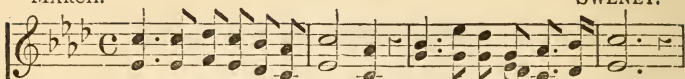
3. My only song and story
Is "Jesus died for me."
My only hope of glory,
The cross of Calvary.

VIII.—FOR EVANGELISTIC SERVICE.

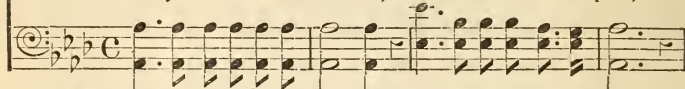
104

MARCH.

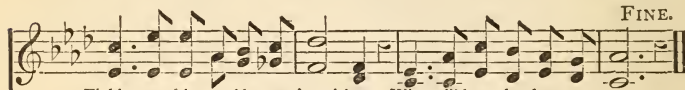
SWENEY.



1. Hark, the voice of Jesus cry - ing, Who will go and work to - day ?
2. If you cannot cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands explore,

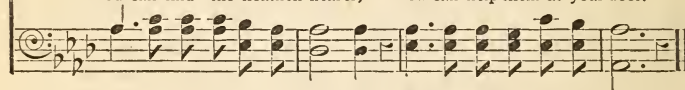


Chorus.—Hark, the voice of Jesus cry - ing, Who will go and work to - day ?

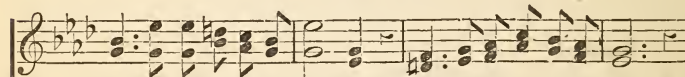


FINE.

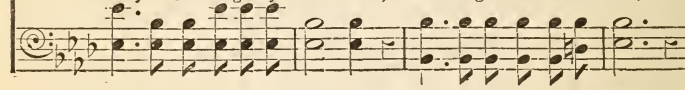
Fields are white, and harvest's waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a-way.
You can find the heathen nearer, You can help them at your door.



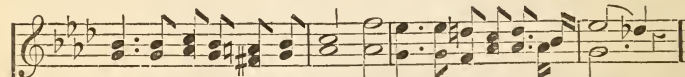
Fields are white and harvest's waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?



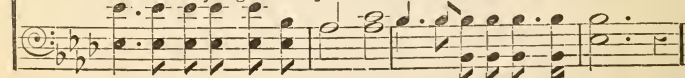
Long and loud the Master call - eth, Rich rewards He of - fers free ;
If you can - not give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite,



D. C. Chorus.



Who will answer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me?"
And the least you give for Je - sus Will be precious in His sight.



3. If you have not gifts and graces,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked,
With the judgment's dread alarm,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4. Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be ;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

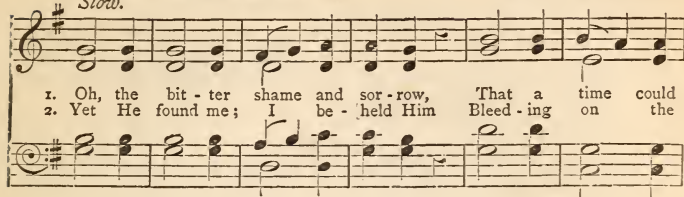
VIII.—FOR EVANGELISTIC SERVICE.

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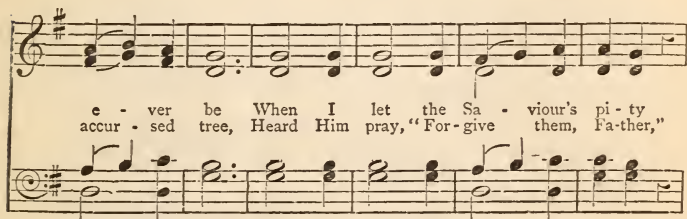
PASTEUR THEOD. MONOD.

Rev. J. MOUNTAIN.

Slow.



1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could
2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleed - ing on the

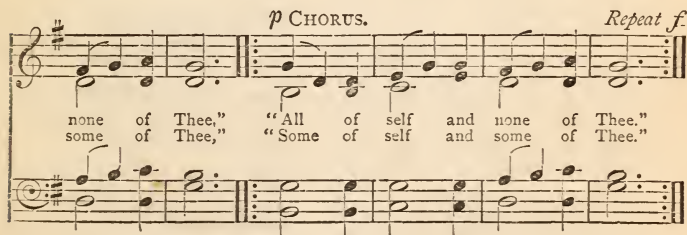


e - ver be When I let the Sa - viour's pi - ty,
accur - sed tree, Heard Him pray, "For - give them, Fa - ther,"



Plead in vain, and proud - ly answer'd,—"All of self and
And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly,—"Some of self and

p CHORUS. *Repeat f*



none of Thee," "All of self and none of Thee."
some of Thee," "Some of self and some of Thee."

3.
Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,—
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4.
Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered:
Grant me now my soul's desire,—
"None of self, and all of Thee."

- ¹ **L**ITTLE thought Samaria's daughter,
On that ne'er forgotten day,
That the tender Shepherd sought her,
As a sheep astray ;
That from sin He longed to win her—
Knowing more than she could tell,
Of the wretchedness within her,
Waiting at the well.
Hear, oh hear, the wondrous story,
Let the winds and waters tell—
'Tis the Christ, the King of Glory,
Waiting at the well.
- ² 'Neath the stately palm-tree swaying,
Listened she to words of truth ; [ing
While each thought was backward stray—
O'er her wasted youth.
Hastening homeward with desire,
All His wondrous speech to tell,
Asked she, " Is not the Messiah
Waiting at the well ? "
- ³ Living waters still are flowing,
Full and free for all mankind ;
Blessings sweet on all bestowing—
All a welcome find.
All the world may come and prove Him ;
Every doubt will Christ dispel,
When each heart shall truly love Him,
Waiting at the well.
- ⁴ Now my raptured soul has found Him,
Thrills with joy my throbbing breast ;
Living waters, all abounding,
Give my spirit rest.
Let me haste to tell the story—
(Oh, the blessing none can tell)—
I have found the King of Glory
Waiting at the well.

- ¹ **S**AFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul doth rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
- ² Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears ;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
- ³ Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me ;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience—
Wait till the night is o'er ;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

- ¹ **H**OW good is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend ;
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
- ² 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

- ¹ **N**OW, Lord, I seek a holy rest,
A victory over sin !
I seek that Thou alone should'st reign
O'er all without, within.
- ² In quietness and confidence,
Saviour, my strength shall be !
And " Take me, for I cannot come,"
Is still my cry to Thee.
- ³ In Thy strong hand I lay me down,
So shall the work be done ;
For who can work so wondrously
As the Almighty One ?
- ⁴ Work on, then, Lord, till on my soul
Eternal light shall break,
And in Thy likeness perfected,
I " satisfied " shall wake.

- ¹ **J**ESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only Thine I am ;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only Thou possess the whole.
- ² Thou my " one thing needful " be,
Let me ever cleave to Thee ;
For I choose the better part,
And I give Thee all my heart.
- ³ Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature-happiness.
- ⁴ Whom have I on earth below ;
Thee, and only Thee, I know ;
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?
Thou art all in all to me.
- ⁵ All my treasure is above ;
All my riches is Thy love ;
Who the worth of love can tell ?
Infinite, unsearchable !
- ⁶ Nothing else can I require,
Love fills up my whole desire •
All Thy other gifts remove,
Still Thou giv'st me all in love !

- 1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes :
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 2 Oh, Christ He is the Fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love !
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 3 Oh, I am my Belovèd's,
And my Belovèd's mine ;
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his "house of wine."
I stand upon His merit ;
I know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face :
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercèd hand :
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT news ! fight on,
"The battle is the Lord's :"
Rest not upon an arm of flesh,
Nor count your spears and swords.
- 2 The battle is the Lord's !
Then victory's secure ;
Warriors of Christ, march on, march on,
And to the end endure.
- 3 The battle is the Lord's !
Then sing and praise His Name ;
Join with the hosts of old, and praise,
For God is still the same.
- 4 The battle is the Lord's !
The spoil belongs to Him ;
So long as He His grace affords,
We must go on and win.
- 5 The battle is the Lord's !
The land before us lies ;
For faith can realize her store
Before she grasps the prize.
- 6 The battle is the Lord's !
His is the spoil and prey ;
Shout ! for His hand is lifted up,
And we shall win the day.

- 1 LORD, I desire to live as one
Who bears a blood-bought name
As one who fears but grieving Thee,
And knows no other shame ;
- 2 As one by whom Thy walk below
Should never be forgot ;
As one who fain would keep apart
From all Thou lovest not.
- 3 I want to live as one who knows
Thy fellowship of love ;
As one whose eyes can pierce beyond
The pearly gates above ;
- 4 As one who daily speaks to Thee,
And hears Thy voice divine
With depths of tenderness declare—
"Belovèd, thou art Mine."

- 1 HARK ! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake !
Jesus our Lord is nigh,
Wake, brethren, wake !
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright ;
Wake, brethren, wake !
- 2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch !
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch !
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late ;
Watch, brethren, watch !
- 3 Heed we the steward's call,
Work, brethren, work !
There's room enough for all,
Work, brethren, work !
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford,
Yours is a sure reward,
Work, brethren, work !
- 4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray !
Would ye His heart rejoice ?
Pray, brethren, pray !
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near ;
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray !
- 5 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise !
Thrice holy is our Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise !
What more befits the tongues,
Soon to lead the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs ?
Praise, brethren, praise.

- 1 **THY** way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be,
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might :
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small,
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all !

- 1 **I** WOULD commune with Thee, my
E'en to Thy seat I come : [God ;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.
- 2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul ;
I hear the storms in vales beneath ;
I hear the thunders roll.
- 3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies ;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
- 4 Oh, this is life ! oh, this is joy !
My God, to find Thee so ;
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know !

- 1 **'TIS** done ! I have entered the way,
The way of deliverance and rest ;
In Jesus, who setteth me free,
With peace and with joy I am blest.
Oh ! all my companions in woe,
Together His help let us crave ;
He waits but the voice of our prayer,
The Saviour who *always* doth save.
- 2 His blood, the redemption of man,
Takes all our transgressions away ;
His Spirit, full freely bestowed,
Heals all our diseases each day.
If ours be a wound beyond cure,
If sorrows come, wave upon wave,
He shows us His mercy the more,
The Saviour who *always* doth save.
- 3 I knew, and alas ! it was all,
While tempted without and within,
A Saviour who *often* could save,
Who *often* the battle could win.

But oh ! more than conqueror now,
Through Him who arose from the
grave,
My weakness is learning to trust
The Saviour who *always* doth save.

- 4 My Captain is He, and my Shield,
My Guide in the path that He trod,
My glory, my strength, and my song,
My Brother, my Shepherd, my God.
So whether I live or I die,
My Rock every tempest can brave ;
Thou wilt save me again and again,
O Saviour, who *always* dost save !

- 1 **THOU** hidden love of God, whose
height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man
knows :
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose :
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to
share ?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there ;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.
- 3 Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live !
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling sin survive ;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all ;
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

- 1 **THERE** is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.
Oh, depth of mercy ! can it be,
That gate was left ajar for me,
For me, for me, for me, for me ?
Was left ajar for me ?
- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation ;
The rich and poor, the great and small
Of every tribe and nation.
- 3 Press onward then, though foes may
frown,
While mercy's gate is open ;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

- 1 HAVE you on the Lord believed?
Still there's more to follow;
Of His grace have you received?
Still there's more to follow:
Oh the grace the Father shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.
- More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow;
Oh, His matchless, boundless
love!
Still there's more to follow.
- 2 Have you felt the Saviour near?
Does His blessed presence cheer?
Oh, the love that Jesus shows!
Freely He His love bestows!
- 3 Have you felt the Spirit's power,
Falling like the gentle shower?
Oh, the power the Spirit shows!
Freely He His power bestows!

- 1 TELL me the Old, Old Story,
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
- Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.
- 2 Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in;
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
- 4 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

- 1 FREE from the law, oh, happy condition!
Jesus hath bled, and *there* is remission!
Cursed by the law, and bruised by the
fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.
Once for all, O sinner, receive it;
Once for all, O brother, believe it;
Cling to the cross, the burden will fall;
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.
- 2 Now are we free, there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
"Come unto *Me*,"—oh! hear His sweet
call;
Come, and He saves us once for all.
- 3 "Children of God!" oh, glorious calling;
Surely His grace will keep us from falling,
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.

- 1 WHAT means this eager, anxious
throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion,
pray?
In accents hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and
lame,
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"
- 5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 6 But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by*."

- 1 DOWN life's dark vale we wander,
Till Jesus comes.
We watch, and wait, and wonder,
Till Jesus comes.
Oh, let my lamp be burning
When Jesus comes ;
For Him my soul be yearning,
When Jesus comes.
- All joy His loved ones bringing,
when Jesus comes ;
All praise through heaven ringing,
when Jesus comes.
All beauty bright and vernal, when
Jesus comes ;
All glory grand, eternal, when
Jesus comes.
- 2 No more heart-pangs of sadness,
All peace, and joy, and gladness,
All doubts and fears will vanish,
All gloom His face will banish.
- 3 He'll know the way was dreary,
He'll know the feet grew weary,
He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
Oh, how His arm will rest me !

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- 1 THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee ;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.
Look ! look ! look and live !
There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.
- 2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid ?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid ?
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul ;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
- 4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done ;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.
- 5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives ;
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

- 1 RING the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild !
See ! the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming his weary wand'ring child.
Glory ! glory ! how the angels sing,
Glory ! glory ! how the loud harps ring ;
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.
- 2 Ring the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled ;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.
- 3 Ring the bells of heaven ! spread the feast to-day,
Angels, swell the glad triumphant strain !
Tell the joyful tidings ! bear it far away !
For a precious soul is born again.

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- 1 A LONG time I wandered in darkness and sin,
And wondered if ever the light would shine in ;
I heard Christian friends speak of raptures divine,
And I wished—how I wished—that their Saviour were mine.
I wished He were mine, yes, I wished He were mine ;
I wished—how I *wished*—that their Saviour were mine.
- 2 I heard the glad gospel of "good-will to men ;"
I read "WHOSOEVER" again and again ;
I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine ?"
And then began *hoping* that Jesus was mine.
I *hoped* He was mine, yes, I *hoped* He was mine,
And then began *hoping* that Jesus was mine.
- 3 Oh, mercy surprising ! He saves even me !
"Thy portion for ever," he says, "will I be ;"
On His word I am resting—assurance divine—
I'm "*hoping*" no longer, I *know* he is mine.
I *know* He is mine, yes, I *know* He is mine,
I'm *hoping* no longer—I *know* He is mine.

- 1 COME home, come home! You are weary at heart ;
For the way has been dark, and so lonely and wild ;
O prodigal child ! Come home ; oh, come home !
Come home ! come, oh, come home !
- 2 Come home, come home ! For we watch and we wait ;
And we stand at the gate, while the shadows are piled :
O prodigal child ! Come home ; oh, come home !
- 3 Come home, come home ! From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame, and the tempter that smiled :
O prodigal child ! Come home ; oh, come home !
- 4 Come home, come home ! There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there ; then, to friends reconciled :
O prodigal child ! Come home ; oh, come home !

- 1 TO the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair,
She heard in the city that Jesus was there ;
Unheeding the splendour that blazed on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.
- 2 The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall ;
And some said the pure would be objects more meet,
As the wealth of her perfume she shower'd on His feet.
- 3 She heard but the Saviour ; she spoke but with sighs—
She dared not look up to the heaven of of His eyes ;
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.
- 4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,
He looked on that lost one : her " sins were forgiven,"
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

- 1 KNOCKING, knocking ! who is there ?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair !
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before ;
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door ?
- 2 Knocking, knocking ; still He's there ;
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair ;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.
- 3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there !
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair ;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crown'd hair
Beam the patient eyes so tender,
Of thy Saviour waiting there.

- 1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold ;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold.
Away on the mountains, wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
- 2 " Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine ;
Are they not enough for Thee ? "
But the Shepherd made answer, " This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me ;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed ;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 " Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track ? "
" They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
- " Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn ? "
" They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."
- 5 And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
" Rejoice ! I have found My sheep ! "
And the angels echoed around the throne,
" Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own ! "

- 1 I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small :
Child of weakness, watch and pray.
Find in Me thine all in all.
Jesus paid it all—
All to Him I owe ;
Sin had left a crimson stain ;
He washed it white as snow.
- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.
- 3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white,
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
- 4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then " Jesus paid it all "
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
- 5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

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- 1 WHO, who are these beside the chily
wave,
Just on the borders of the silent grave,
Shouting Jesu's power to save,
" Washed in the blood of the Lamb ? "
" Sweeping thro' the gates " of the
New Jerusalem,
" Washed in the blood of the
Lamb. "
- 2 These, these are they who in their youth-
ful days
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways
Proved the fulness of His grace,
" Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "
- 3 These, these are they who, in affliction's
woes,
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
Such as from a pure heart flows,
" Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "
- 4 These, these are they who, in the con-
flict dire,
Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire ;
Jesus now says : " Come up higher, "
" Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "
- 5 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore ;
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow, all are
o'er ;
Happy now and evermore,
" Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "

- 1 " ALMOST persuaded, " now to be-
lieve ;
" Almost persuaded, " Christ to receive ;
Seems now some soul to say,
" Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call. "
- 2 " Almost persuaded, " come, come to-day ;
" Almost persuaded, " turn not away ;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from heart so dear :
O wanderer, come !
- 3 " Almost persuaded, " harvest is past !
" Almost persuaded, " doom comes at
" Almost " cannot avail ; [last !
" Almost " is but to fail ;
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
" Almost, *but lost !* "

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L. M.

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come !
- 2 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come !
- 3 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve !
Because Thy promise I believe,—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come !
- 4 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come !

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100TH PSALM.

L. M.

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth
tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

- 1 JESUS the water of life has given
 Freely, freely, freely ;
 Jesus the water of life has given
 Freely for every sinner.
 Come to that fountain, oh, drink and
 live !
 Freely, freely, freely ;
 Come to that fountain, oh, drink and
 live !
 Flowing for every sinner.
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ;
 Freely, freely, freely ;
 And He that is thirsty, let him come,
 And drink of the water of life.
 The fountain of life is flowing,
 Flowing, freely flowing ;
 The fountain of life is flowing,
 Is flowing for you and for me.
- 2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely, freely, freely ;
 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely to those that love Him.
 Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely, freely, freely ;
 Treasures unfading will there be given
 Freely to those that love Him,
- 3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light.
- 4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Pleasures that never shall pass away.

- 1 NOTHING either great or small—
 Nothing, sinner, no ;
 Jesus did it, did it *all*,
 Long, long ago.
 "IT IS FINISH'D !" Yes, indeed,
 Finish'd every jot,
 Sinner, this is all you need ;
 Tell me, is it not ?
- 2 When *He* from His lofty throne
 Stooped to do and die,
 Everything was fully done.
 Harken to *His* cry—
- 3 "Weary, working, burden'd one,
 Wherefore toil you so ?
 Cease *your* doing ; all was done
 Long, long ago."
- 4 Till to JESUS' work you cling
By a simple faith,
 "Doing" is a deadly thing—
 "Doing" ends in death.
- 5 Cast your deadly "doing" down—
 Down at Jesus' feet ;
 Stand "IN HIM," in *Him* alone,
 Gloriously "COMPLETE."

- 1 THE great Physician now is near,
 The sympathizing Jesus,
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.
 Sweetest note in seraph song,
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.
- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus ;
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,
 And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb !
 I now believe in Jesus ;
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus ;
 Oh, how my soul delights to hear
 The precious name of Jesus.
- 5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
 Oh, praise the name of Jesus ;
 Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
 Oh, bless the name of Jesus.
- 6 The children, too, both great and small,
 Who love the name of Jesus,
 May now accept the gracious call
 To work and live for Jesus.
- 7 And when to the bright world above
 We rise to see our Jesus,
 We'll sing around the throne of love
 His name, the name of Jesus.

- 1 I WAITED for the Lord my God,
 And patiently did bear ;
 At length to me He did incline
 My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He took me from a fearful pit,
 And from the miry clay,
 And on a rock He set my feet,
 Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth,
 Our God to magnify ;
 Many shall see it, and shall fear,
 And on the Lord rely.
- 4 O blessed is the man whose trust
 Upon the Lord relies ;
 Respecting not the proud, nor such
 As turn aside to lies.

So well our parents
 that we trust you have
 known to find - The map
 a castle & continue for miles
 and keep the road. The
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 15 Jul 5-7. 16 Jul 7-9.
 17 Jul 9-11. 18 Jul 11-13.
 19 Jul 13-15. 20 Jul 15-17.
 21 Jul 17-19. 22 Jul 19-21.
 23 Jul 21-23. 24 Jul 23-25.
 25 Jul 25-27. 26 Jul 27-29.
 27 Jul 29-31. 28 Jul 1-3.
 29 Jul 3-5. 30 Jul 5-7.
 31 Jul 7-9. 1 Aug 9-11.
 2 Aug 11-13. 3 Aug 13-15.
 4 Aug 15-17. 5 Aug 17-19.
 6 Aug 19-21. 7 Aug 21-23.
 8 Aug 23-25. 9 Aug 25-27.
 10 Aug 27-29. 11 Aug 29-31.
 12 Aug 1-3. 13 Aug 3-5.
 14 Aug 5-7. 15 Aug 7-9.
 16 Aug 9-11. 17 Aug 11-13.
 18 Aug 13-15. 19 Aug 15-17.
 20 Aug 17-19. 21 Aug 19-21.
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